

# Random Public Domain from Archive and Project Gutenberg, June 2016.

## VIDEO

<https://archive.org/details/PasswordBettyWhiteVs.ArleneFrancis>

Betty gets a little pissy with host/husband Allen Ludden; co-stars are all popular cartoonists, incl Al Capp. 1965.

<https://archive.org/details/PasswordNancySinatraVs.WoodyAllen>

Also from '65 -- Nancy and Woody look very young here

[https://archive.org/details/GG\\_Dancing\\_Lessons](https://archive.org/details/GG_Dancing_Lessons)

The Great Gildersleeve 1955

Gildy teaches nephew Leroy how to dance.

Willard Waterman: Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve

Stephanie Griffin: Marjorie Forrester

Ronald Keith: Leroy Forrester

Lillian Randolph: Birdie Lee Coggins

<https://archive.org/details/ShowerofStars1November1956>

This episode features Jack Benny, Nanette Fabray, Rory Calhoun, and Johnnie Ray.

Host: Bill Lundigan

Run time 54:10

Production Company: CBS

<https://archive.org/details/introductiontocontourdrawing>

Short film shows how to use the technique of contour drawing to develop powers of observation.

Contour drawing aids in seeing unusual details and also in developing hand and eye coordination. 1967

<https://archive.org/details/PopTVGoldBox1Tape17>

<https://archive.org/details/PopTVGoldBox2Tape40>

Streamed comedy and music from 1980's-90's. First bit from Box 1 features Amy Poehler looking about 19 years old.

<https://archive.org/details/122Eyes1950>

Hard times, and tornadoes in 1950s St. Louis, and the social services that aimed to alleviate them.

# AUDIO

<https://archive.org/details/BeethovenPianoSonataNo.1>

**Beethoven. Piano Sonata No.1 in F minor, Op.2, No.1.** Four movements: Allegro, Adagio, Menuetto and Prestissimo. Artur Schnabel (1882-1951), piano. Recorded circa 1935; a collaboration between the Beethoven Sonata Society and HMV.

<https://archive.org/details/HAS061516Love>

**HAS 061516 Love songs**, 3 hours (begins with live Paul Simon, Bridge Over Troubled Waters) by DJ Mark Dyken Published June 15, 2016 Topics Love songs, Orlando  
"A lot has happened since the last Heart and Soul Radio Show two weeks ago - the death of Ali, the wedding of my daughter, the Orlando massacre and the response to it, but for now it seems to me the world needs a lot more love." Blue Mountain Radio - KQBM 90.7 and 103.7 FM

<https://archive.org/details/amy-column-20090211>

**"Talking, rather than fighting, in Afghanistan" Weekly Column**, by Amy Goodman.  
President Obama held his first prime-time news conference Tuesday night. When questioned on Afghanistan, he replied, "This is going to be a big challenge." Published February 11, 2009

<https://archive.org/details/PorphyrasLover>

**Porphyras's Lover** by Robert Browning - Poem recital by Manoj Prasad D M

<https://archive.org/details/FunktionalFlowLiveAtNietzsches05182012SbdSource>

**Funktional Flow =Live at Nietzsche's= Buffalo, NY 05/18/2012**  
Bar band covers Talking Heads, Pink Floyd, and the Dead, plus 3 originals.

# BOOKS

<https://archive.org/details/botanyfory00gray>

**Botany for young people. How plants behave: how they move, climb, employ insects to work for them, Pt II** by Gray, Asa, 1810-1888

<https://archive.org/details/jstor-2463704>

**The Alpine Flora of Colorado**, by E. L. Greene, Published December 1, 1872

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# FIRST CHAPTER

**THE SEA LADY**, by Herbert George Wells

<http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/35920/pg35920.txt>

## CHAPTER THE FIRST.

### THE COMING OF THE SEA LADY

I

Such previous landings of mermaids as have left a record, have all a flavour of doubt. Even the very circumstantial account of that Bruges Sea Lady, who was so clever at fancy work, gives occasion to the sceptic. I must confess that I was absolutely incredulous of such things until a year ago. But now, face to face with indisputable facts in my own immediate neighbourhood, and with my own second cousin Melville (of Seaton Carew) as the chief witness to the story, I see these old legends in a very different light. Yet so many people concerned themselves with the hushing up of this affair, that, but for my sedulous enquiries, I am certain it would have become as doubtful as those older legends in a couple of score of years. Even now to many minds----

The difficulties in the way of the hushing-up process were no doubt exceptionally great in this case, and that they did contrive to do so much, seems to show just how strong are the motives for secrecy in all such cases. There is certainly no remoteness nor obscurity about the scene of these events. They began upon the beach just east of Sandgate Castle, towards Folkestone, and they ended on the beach near Folkestone pier not two miles away. The beginning was in broad daylight on a bright blue day in August and in full sight of the windows of half a dozen houses. At first sight this alone is sufficient to make the popular want of information almost incredible. But of that you may think differently later.

Mrs. Randolph Bunting's two charming daughters were bathing at the time in company with their guest, Miss Mabel Glendower. It is from the latter lady chiefly, and from Mrs. Bunting, that I have pieced together the precise circumstances of the Sea Lady's arrival. From Miss Glendower, the elder of two Glendower girls, for all that she is a principal in almost all that follows, I have obtained, and have sought to obtain, no information whatever. There is the question of the lady's feelings--and in this case I gather they are of a peculiarly complex sort. Quite naturally they would be. At any rate, the natural ruthlessness of the

literary calling has failed me. I have not ventured to touch them....

The villa residences to the east of Sandgate Castle, you must understand, are particularly lucky in having gardens that run right down to the beach. There is no intervening esplanade or road or path such as cuts off ninety-nine out of the hundred of houses that face the sea. As you look down on them from the western end of the Leas, you see them crowding the very margin. And as a great number of high groins stand out from the shore along this piece of coast, the beach is practically cut off and made private except at very low water, when people can get around the ends of the groins. These houses are consequently highly desirable during the bathing season, and it is the custom of many of their occupiers to let them furnished during the summer to persons of fashion and affluence.

The Randolph Buntings were such persons--indisputably. It is true of course that they were not Aristocrats, or indeed what an unpaid herald would freely call "gentle." They had no right to any sort of arms. But then, as Mrs. Bunting would sometimes remark, they made no pretence of that sort; they were quite free (as indeed everybody is nowadays) from snobbery. They were simple homely Buntings--Randolph Buntings--"good people" as the saying is--of a widely diffused Hampshire stock addicted to brewing, and whether a suitably remunerated herald could or could not have proved them "gentle" there can be no doubt that Mrs. Bunting was quite justified in taking in the \_Gentlewoman\_, and that Mr. Bunting and Fred were sedulous gentlemen, and that all their ways and thoughts were delicate and nice. And they had staying with them the two Miss Glendowers, to whom Mrs. Bunting had been something of a mother, ever since Mrs. Glendower's death.

The two Miss Glendowers were half sisters, and gentle beyond dispute, a county family race that had only for a generation stooped to trade, and risen at once Antæus-like, refreshed and enriched. The elder, Adeline, was the rich one--the heiress, with the commercial blood in her veins. She was really very rich, and she had dark hair and grey eyes and serious views, and when her father died, which he did a little before her step-mother, she had only the later portion of her later youth left to her. She was nearly seven-and-twenty. She had sacrificed her earlier youth to her father's infirmity of temper in a way that had always reminded her of the girlhood of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. But after his departure for a sphere where his temper has no doubt a wider scope--for what is this world for if it is not for the Formation of Character?--she had come out strongly. It became evident she had always had a mind, and a very active and capable one, an accumulated fund of energy and much ambition. She had bloomed into a clear and critical socialism, and she had blossomed at public meetings; and now she was engaged to that really very brilliant and promising but rather extravagant and romantic person, Harry Chatteris, the nephew of an earl

and the hero of a scandal, and quite a possible Liberal candidate for the Hythe division of Kent. At least this last matter was under discussion and he was about, and Miss Glendower liked to feel she was supporting him by being about too, and that was chiefly why the Buntings had taken a house in Sandgate for the summer. Sometimes he would come and stay a night or so with them, sometimes he would be off upon affairs, for he was known to be a very versatile, brilliant, first-class political young man--and Hythe very lucky to have a bid for him, all things considered. And Fred Bunting was engaged to Miss Glendower's less distinguished, much less wealthy, seventeen-year old and possibly altogether more ordinary half-sister, Mabel Glendower, who had discerned long since when they were at school together that it wasn't any good trying to be clear when Adeline was about.

The Buntings did not bathe "mixed," a thing indeed that was still only very doubtfully decent in 1898, but Mr. Randolph Bunting and his son Fred came down to the beach with them frankly instead of hiding away or going for a walk according to the older fashion. (This, notwithstanding that Miss Mabel Glendower, Fred's \_fiancée\_ to boot, was of the bathing party.) They formed a little procession down under the evergreen oaks in the garden and down the ladder and so to the sea's margin.

Mrs. Bunting went first, looking as it were for Peeping Tom with her glasses, and Miss Glendower, who never bathed because it made her feel undignified, went with her--wearing one of those simple, costly "art" morning costumes Socialists affect. Behind this protecting van came, one by one, the three girls, in their beautiful Parisian bathing dresses and headdresses--though these were of course completely muffled up in huge hooded gowns of towelling--and wearing of course stockings and shoes--they bathed in stockings and shoes. Then came Mrs. Bunting's maid and the second housemaid and the maid the Glendower girls had brought, carrying towels, and then at a little interval the two men carrying ropes and things. (Mrs. Bunting always put a rope around each of her daughters before ever they put a foot in the water and held it until they were safely out again. But Mabel Glendower would not have a rope.)

Where the garden ends and the beach begins Miss Glendower turned aside and sat down on the green iron seat under the evergreen oak, and having found her place in "Sir George Tressady"--a book of which she was naturally enough at that time inordinately fond--sat watching the others go on down the beach. There they were a very bright and very pleasant group of prosperous animated people upon the sunlit beach, and beyond them in streaks of grey and purple, and altogether calm save for a pattern of dainty little wavelets, was that ancient mother of surprises, the Sea.

As soon as they reached the high-water mark where it is no longer indecent to be clad merely in a bathing dress, each of the young ladies

handed her attendant her wrap, and after a little fun and laughter Mrs. Bunting looked carefully to see if there were any jelly fish, and then they went in. And after a minute or so, it seems Betty, the elder Miss Bunting, stopped splashing and looked, and then they all looked, and there, about thirty yards away was the Sea Lady's head, as if she were swimming back to land.

Naturally they concluded that she must be a neighbour from one of the adjacent houses. They were a little surprised not to have noticed her going down into the water, but beyond that her apparition had no shadow of wonder for them. They made the furtive penetrating observations usual in such cases. They could see that she was swimming very gracefully and that she had a lovely face and very beautiful arms, but they could not see her wonderful golden hair because all that was hidden in a fashionable Phrygian bathing cap, picked up--as she afterwards admitted to my second cousin--some nights before upon a Norman \_plage\_. Nor could they see her lovely shoulders because of the red costume she wore.

They were just on the point of feeling their inspection had reached the limit of really nice manners and Mabel was pretending to go on splashing again and saying to Betty, "She's wearing a red dress. I wish I could see--" when something very terrible happened.

The swimmer gave a queer sort of flop in the water, threw up her arms and--vanished!

It was the sort of thing that seems for an instant to freeze everybody, just one of those things that everyone has read of and imagined and very few people have seen.

For a space no one did anything. One, two, three seconds passed and then for an instant a bare arm flashed in the air and vanished again.

Mabel tells me she was quite paralysed with horror, she did nothing all the time, but the two Miss Buntings, recovering a little, screamed out, "Oh, she's drowning!" and hastened to get out of the sea at once, a proceeding accelerated by Mrs. Bunting, who with great presence of mind pulled at the ropes with all her weight and turned about and continued to pull long after they were many yards from the water's edge and indeed cowering in a heap at the foot of the sea wall. Miss Glendower became aware of a crisis and descended the steps, "Sir George Tressady" in one hand and the other shading her eyes, crying in her clear resolute voice, "She must be saved!" The maids of course were screaming--as became them--but the two men appear to have acted with the greatest presence of mind. "Fred, Nexdoors ledder!" said Mr. Randolph Bunting--for the next-door neighbour instead of having convenient stone steps had a high wall and a long wooden ladder, and it had often been pointed out by Mr. Bunting if ever an accident should happen to anyone there was \_that\_! In

a moment it seems they had both flung off jacket and vest, collar, tie and shoes, and were running the neighbour's ladder out into the water.

"Where did she go, Ded?" said Fred.

"Right out heal!" said Mr. Bunting, and to confirm his word there flashed again an arm and "something dark"--something which in the light of all that subsequently happened I am inclined to suppose was an unintentional exposure of the Lady's tail.

Neither of the two gentlemen are expert swimmers--indeed so far as I can gather, Mr. Bunting in the excitement of the occasion forgot almost everything he had ever known of swimming--but they waded out valiantly one on each side of the ladder, thrust it out before them and committed themselves to the deep, in a manner casting no discredit upon our nation and race.

Yet on the whole I think it is a matter for general congratulation that they were not engaged in the rescue of a genuinely drowning person. At the time of my enquiries whatever soreness of argument that may once have obtained between them had passed, and it is fairly clear that while Fred Bunting was engaged in swimming hard against the long side of the ladder and so causing it to rotate slowly on its axis, Mr. Bunting had already swallowed a very considerable amount of sea-water and was kicking Fred in the chest with aimless vigour. This he did, as he explains, "to get my legs down, you know. Something about that ladder, you know, and they \_would\_ go up!"

And then quite unexpectedly the Sea Lady appeared beside them. One lovely arm supported Mr. Bunting about the waist and the other was over the ladder. She did not appear at all pale or frightened or out of breath, Fred told me when I cross-examined him, though at the time he was too violently excited to note a detail of that sort. Indeed she smiled and spoke in an easy pleasant voice.

"Cramp," she said, "I have cramp." Both the men were convinced of that.

Mr. Bunting was on the point of telling her to hold tight and she would be quite safe, when a little wave went almost entirely into his mouth and reduced him to wild splutterings.

"\_We'll\_ get you in," said Fred, or something of that sort, and so they all hung, bobbing in the water to the tune of Mr. Bunting's trouble.

They seem to have rocked so for some time. Fred says the Sea Lady looked calm but a little puzzled and that she seemed to measure the distance shoreward. "You \_mean\_ to save me?" she asked him.

He was trying to think what could be done before his father drowned.  
"We're saving you now," he said.

"You'll take me ashore?"

As she seemed so cool he thought he would explain his plan of operations, "Trying to get--end of ladder--kick with my legs. Only a few yards out of our depth--if we could only----"

"Minute--get my breath--moufu' sea-water," said Mr. Bunting. \_Splash!\_ wuff!...

And then it seemed to Fred that a little miracle happened. There was a swirl of the water like the swirl about a screw propeller, and he gripped the Sea Lady and the ladder just in time, as it seemed to him, to prevent his being washed far out into the Channel. His father vanished from his sight with an expression of astonishment just forming on his face and reappeared beside him, so far as back and legs are concerned, holding on to the ladder with a sort of death grip. And then behold! They had shifted a dozen yards inshore, and they were in less than five feet of water and Fred could feel the ground.

At its touch his amazement and dismay immediately gave way to the purest heroism. He thrust ladder and Sea Lady before him, abandoned the ladder and his now quite disordered parent, caught her tightly in his arms, and bore her up out of the water. The young ladies cried "Saved!" the maids cried "Saved!" Distant voices echoed "Saved, Hooray!" Everybody in fact cried "Saved!" except Mrs. Bunting, who was, she says, under the impression that Mr. Bunting was in a fit, and Mr. Bunting, who seems to have been under an impression that all those laws of nature by which, under Providence, we are permitted to float and swim, were in suspense and that the best thing to do was to kick very hard and fast until the end should come. But in a dozen seconds or so his head was up again and his feet were on the ground and he was making whale and walrus noises, and noises like a horse and like an angry cat and like sawing, and was wiping the water from his eyes; and Mrs. Bunting (except that now and then she really \_had\_ to turn and say "\_Ran\_dolph!") could give her attention to the beautiful burthen that clung about her son.

And it is a curious thing that the Sea Lady was at least a minute out of the water before anyone discovered that she was in any way different from--other ladies. I suppose they were all crowding close to her and looking at her beautiful face, or perhaps they imagined that she was wearing some indiscreet but novel form of dark riding habit or something of that sort. Anyhow not one of them noticed it, although it must have been before their eyes as plain as day. Certainly it must have blended with the costume. And there they stood, imagining that Fred had rescued a lovely lady of indisputable fashion, who had been bathing from some



neighbouring house, and wondering why on earth there was nobody on the beach to claim her. And she clung to Fred and, as Miss Mabel Glendower subsequently remarked in the course of conversation with him, Fred clung to her.

"I had cramp," said the Sea Lady, with her lips against Fred's cheek and one eye on Mrs. Bunting. "I am sure it was cramp.... I've got it still."

"I don't see anybody--" began Mrs. Bunting.

"Please carry me in," said the Sea Lady, closing her eyes as if she were ill--though her cheek was flushed and warm. "Carry me in."

"Where?" gasped Fred.

"Carry me into the house," she whispered to him.

"Which house?"

Mrs. Bunting came nearer.

"\_Your\_ house," said the Sea Lady, and shut her eyes for good and became oblivious to all further remarks.

"She-- But I don't understand--" said Mrs. Bunting, addressing everybody....

And then it was they saw it. Nettie, the younger Miss Bunting, saw it first. She pointed, she says, before she could find words to speak. Then they all saw it! Miss Glendower, I believe, was the person who was last to see it. At any rate it would have been like her if she had been.

"Mother," said Nettie, giving words to the general horror. "\_Mother!\_ She has a \_tail!\_"

And then the three maids and Mabel Glendower screamed one after the other. "Look!" they cried. "A tail!"

"Of all--" said Mrs. Bunting, and words failed her.

"\_Oh!\_" said Miss Glendower, and put her hand to her heart.

And then one of the maids gave it a name. "It's a mermaid!" screamed the maid, and then everyone screamed, "It's a mermaid."

Except the mermaid herself; she remained quite passive, pretending to be insensible partly on Fred's shoulder and altogether in his arms.

That, you know, is the tableau so far as I have been able to piece it together again. You must imagine this little knot of people upon the beach, and Mr. Bunting, I figure, a little apart, just wading out of the water and very wet and incredulous and half drowned. And the neighbour's ladder was drifting quietly out to sea.

Of course it was one of those positions that have an air of being conspicuous.

Indeed it was conspicuous. It was some way below high water and the group stood out perhaps thirty yards down the beach. Nobody, as Mrs. Bunting told my cousin Melville, knew a bit \_what\_ to do and they all had even an exaggerated share of the national hatred of being seen in a puzzle. The mermaid seemed content to remain a beautiful problem clinging to Fred, and by all accounts she was a reasonable burthen for a man. It seems that the very large family of people who were stopping at the house called Koot Hoomi had appeared in force, and they were all staring and gesticulating. They were just the sort of people the Buntings did not want to know--tradespeople very probably. Presently one of the men--the particularly vulgar man who used to shoot at the gulls--began putting down their ladder as if he intended to offer advice, and Mrs. Bunting also became aware of the black glare of the field glasses of a still more horrid man to the west.

Moreover the popular author who lived next door, an irascible dark square-headed little man in spectacles, suddenly turned up and began bawling from his inaccessible wall top something foolish about his ladder. Nobody thought of his silly ladder or took any trouble about it, naturally. He was quite stupidly excited. To judge by his tone and gestures he was using dreadful language and seemed disposed every moment to jump down to the beach and come to them.

And then to crown the situation, over the westward groin appeared Low Excursionists!

First of all their heads came, and then their remarks. Then they began to clamber the breakwater with joyful shouts.

"Pip, Pip," said the Low Excursionists as they climbed--it was the year of "pip, pip"--and, "What HO she bumps!" and then less generally, "What's up \_'ere\_?"

And the voices of other Low Excursionists still invisible answered, "Pip, Pip."

It was evidently a large party.

"Anything wrong?" shouted one of the Low Excursionists at a venture.

"My \_dear\_!" said Mrs. Bunting to Mabel, "what \_are\_ we to do?" And in her description of the affair to my cousin Melville she used always to make that the \_clou\_ of the story. "My DEAR! What ARE we to do?"

I believe that in her desperation she even glanced at the water. But of course to have put the mermaid back then would have involved the most terrible explanations....

It was evident there was only one thing to be done. Mrs. Bunting said as much. "The only thing," said she, "is to carry her indoors."

And carry her indoors they did!...

One can figure the little procession. In front Fred, wet and astonished but still clinging and clung to, and altogether too out of breath for words. And in his arms the Sea Lady. She had a beautiful figure, I understand, until that horrible tail began (and the fin of it, Mrs. Bunting told my cousin in a whispered confidence, went up and down and with pointed corners for all the world like a mackerel's). It flopped and dripped along the path--I imagine. She was wearing a very nice and very long-skirted dress of red material trimmed with coarse white lace, and she had, Mabel told me, a \_gilet\_, though that would scarcely show as they went up the garden. And that Phrygian cap hid all her golden hair and showed the white, low, level forehead over her sea-blue eyes. From all that followed, I imagine her at the moment scanning the veranda and windows of the house with a certain eagerness of scrutiny.

Behind this staggering group of two I believe Mrs. Bunting came. Then Mr. Bunting. Dreadfully wet and broken down Mr. Bunting must have been by then, and from one or two things I have noticed since, I can't help imagining him as pursuing his wife with, "Of course, my dear, \_I\_ couldn't tell, you know!"

And then, in a dismayed yet curious bunch, the girls in their wraps of towelling and the maids carrying the ropes and things and, as if inadvertently, as became them, most of Mr. and Fred Bunting's clothes.

And then Miss Glendower, for once at least in no sort of pose whatever, clutching "Sir George Tressady" and perplexed and disturbed beyond measure.

And then, as it were pursuing them all, "Pip, pip," and the hat and raised eyebrows of a Low Excursionist still anxious to know "What's up?" from the garden end.

So it was, or at least in some such way, and to the accompaniment of the wildest ravings about some ladder or other heard all too distinctly over the garden wall--("Overdressed Snobbs take my \_rare old English adjective\_ ladder...!")--that they carried the Sea Lady (who appeared serenely insensible to everything) up through the house and laid her down upon the couch in Mrs. Bunting's room.

And just as Miss Glendower was suggesting that the very best thing they could do would be to send for a doctor, the Sea Lady with a beautiful naturalness sighed and came to.

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# SHORT STORIES

## AN UPHEAVAL

from **The Lady With The Dog and Other Stories**, by Anton Chekhov

Translator: Constance Garnett

<https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/13415>

MASHENKA PAVLETSKY, a young girl who had only just finished her studies at a boarding school, returning from a walk to the house of the Kushkins, with whom she was living as a governess, found the household in a terrible turmoil. Mihailo, the porter who opened the door to her, was excited and red as a crab.

Loud voices were heard from upstairs.

"Madame Kushkin is in a fit, most likely, or else she has quarrelled with her husband," thought Mashenka.

In the hall and in the corridor she met maid-servants. One of them was crying. Then Mashenka saw, running out of her room, the master of the house himself, Nikolay Sergeitch, a little man with a flabby face and a bald head, though he was not old. He was red in the face and twitching all over. He passed the governess without noticing her, and throwing up his arms, exclaimed:

"Oh, how horrible it is! How tactless! How stupid! How barbarous! Abominable!"

Mashenka went into her room, and then, for the first time in her life, it was her lot to experience in all its acuteness the feeling that is so familiar to persons in dependent positions, who eat the bread of the rich and powerful, and cannot speak their minds. There was a search going on in her room. The lady of the house, Fedosya Vassilyevna, a stout, broad-shouldered, uncouth woman with thick black eyebrows, a faintly perceptible moustache, and red hands, who was exactly like a plain, illiterate cook in face and manners, was standing, without her cap on, at the table, putting back into Mashenka's workbag balls of wool, scraps of materials, and bits of paper.... Evidently the governess's arrival took her by surprise, since, on looking round and seeing the girl's pale and astonished face, she was a little taken aback, and muttered:

"Pardon. I ... I upset it accidentally.... My sleeve caught in it ..."

And saying something more, Madame Kushkin rustled her long skirts and went out. Mashenka looked round her room with wondering eyes, and, unable to understand it, not knowing what to think, shrugged her shoulders, and turned cold with dismay. What had Fedosya Vassilyevna been looking for in her work-bag? If she really had, as she said, caught her sleeve in it and upset everything, why had Nikolay Sergeitch dashed out of her room so excited and red in the face? Why was one drawer of the table pulled out a little way? The money-box, in which the governess put away ten kopeck pieces and old stamps, was open. They had opened it, but did not know how to shut it, though they had scratched the lock all over. The whatnot with her books on it, the things on the table, the bed—all bore fresh traces of a search. Her linen-basket, too. The linen had been carefully folded, but it was not in the same order as Mashenka had left it when she went out. So the search had been thorough, most thorough. But what was it for? Why? What had happened? Mashenka remembered the excited porter, the general turmoil which was still going on, the weeping servant-girl; had it not all some connection with the search that had just been made in her room? Was not she mixed up in something dreadful? Mashenka turned pale, and feeling cold all over, sank on to her linen-basket.

A maid-servant came into the room.

"Liza, you don't know why they have been rummaging in my room?" the governess asked her.

"Mistress has lost a brooch worth two thousand," said Liza.

"Yes, but why have they been rummaging in my room?"

"They've been searching every one, miss. They've searched all my things, too. They stripped us all naked and searched us.... God knows, miss, I never went near her toilet-table, let alone touching the brooch. I shall say the same at the police-station."

"But ... why have they been rummaging here?" the governess still wondered.

"A brooch has been stolen, I tell you. The mistress has been rummaging in everything with her own hands. She even searched Mihailo, the porter, herself. It's a perfect disgrace! Nikolay Sergeitch simply looks on and cackles like a hen. But you've no need to tremble like that, miss. They found nothing here. You've nothing to be afraid of if you didn't take the brooch."

"But, Liza, it's vile ... it's insulting," said Mashenka, breathless with indignation. "It's so mean, so low! What right had she to suspect me and to rummage in my things?"

"You are living with strangers, miss," sighed Liza. "Though you are a young lady, still you are ... as it were ... a servant.... It's not like living with your papa and mamma."

Mashenka threw herself on the bed and sobbed bitterly. Never in her life had she been subjected to such an outrage, never had she been so deeply insulted.... She, well-educated, refined, the daughter of a teacher, was suspected of theft; she had been searched like a street-walker! She could not imagine a greater insult. And to this feeling of resentment was added an oppressive dread of what would come next. All sorts of absurd ideas came into her mind. If they could suspect her of theft, then they might arrest her, strip her naked, and search her, then lead her through the street with an escort of soldiers, cast her into a cold, dark cell with mice and woodlice, exactly like the dungeon in which Princess Tarakanov was imprisoned. Who would stand up for her? Her parents lived far away in the provinces; they had not the money to come to her. In the capital she was as solitary as in a desert, without friends or kindred. They could do what they liked with her.

"I will go to all the courts and all the lawyers," Mashenka thought, trembling. "I will explain to them, I will take an oath.... They will believe that I could not be a thief!"

Mashenka remembered that under the sheets in her basket she had some sweetmeats, which, following the habits of her schooldays, she had put in her pocket at dinner and carried off to her room. She felt hot all over, and was ashamed at the thought that her little secret was known to the lady of the house; and all this terror, shame, resentment, brought on an attack of palpitation of the heart, which set up a throbbing in her temples, in her heart, and deep down in her stomach.

"Dinner is ready," the servant summoned Mashenka.

"Shall I go, or not?"

Mashenka brushed her hair, wiped her face with a wet towel, and went into the dining-room. There they had already begun dinner. At one end of the table sat Fedosya Vassilyevna with a stupid, solemn, serious face; at the other end Nikolay Sergeitch. At the sides there were the visitors and the children. The dishes were handed by two footmen in swallowtails and white gloves. Every one knew that there was an upset in the house, that Madame Kushkin was in trouble, and every one was silent. Nothing was heard but the sound of munching and the rattle of spoons on the plates.

The lady of the house, herself, was the first to speak.

"What is the third course?" she asked the footman in a weary, injured voice.

"Esturgeon à la russe," answered the footman.

"I ordered that, Fenya," Nikolay Sergeitch hastened to observe. "I wanted some fish. If you don't like it, ma chère, don't let them serve it. I just ordered it...."

Fedosya Vassilyevna did not like dishes that she had not ordered herself, and now her eyes filled with tears.

"Come, don't let us agitate ourselves," Mamikov, her household doctor, observed in a honeyed voice, just touching her arm, with a smile as honeyed. "We are nervous enough as it is. Let us forget the brooch! Health is worth more than two thousand roubles!"

"It's not the two thousand I regret," answered the lady, and a big tear rolled down her cheek. "It's the fact itself that revolts me! I cannot put up with thieves in my house. I don't regret it—I regret nothing; but to steal from me is such ingratitude! That's how they repay me for my kindness...."

They all looked into their plates, but Mashenka fancied after the lady's words that every one was looking at her. A lump rose in her throat; she began crying and put her handkerchief to her lips.

"Pardon," she muttered. "I can't help it. My head aches. I'll go away."

And she got up from the table, scraping her chair awkwardly, and went out quickly, still more overcome with confusion.

"It's beyond everything!" said Nikolay Sergeitch, frowning. "What need was there to search her room? How out of place it was!"

"I don't say she took the brooch," said Fedosya Vassilyevna, "but can you answer for her? To tell the truth, I haven't much confidence in these learned paupers."

"It really was unsuitable, Fenya.... Excuse me, Fenya, but you've no kind of legal right to make a search."

"I know nothing about your laws. All I know is that I've lost my brooch. And I will find the brooch!" She brought her fork down on the plate with a clatter, and her eyes flashed angrily. "And you eat your dinner, and don't interfere in what doesn't concern you!"

Nikolay Sergeitch dropped his eyes mildly and sighed. Meanwhile Mashenka, reaching her room, flung herself on her bed. She felt now neither alarm nor shame, but she felt an intense longing to go and slap the cheeks of this hard, arrogant, dull-witted, prosperous woman.

Lying on her bed she breathed into her pillow and dreamed of how nice it would be to go and buy the most expensive brooch and fling it into the face of this bullying woman. If only it were God's will that Fedosya Vassilyevna should come to ruin and wander about begging, and should taste all the horrors of poverty and dependence, and that Mashenka, whom she had insulted, might give her alms! Oh, if only she could come in for a big fortune, could buy a carriage, and could drive noisily past the windows so as to be envied by that woman!

But all these were only dreams, in reality there was only one thing left to do—to get away as quickly as possible, not to stay another hour in this place. It was true it was terrible to lose her place, to go back to her parents, who had nothing; but what could she do? Mashenka could not bear the sight of the lady of the house nor of her little room; she felt stifled and wretched here. She was so disgusted with Fedosya Vassilyevna, who was so obsessed by her illnesses and her supposed aristocratic rank, that everything in the world seemed to have become coarse and unattractive because this woman was living in it.

Mashenka jumped up from the bed and began packing.

"May I come in?" asked Nikolay Sergeitch at the door; he had come up noiselessly to the door, and spoke in a soft, subdued voice. "May I?"

"Come in."

He came in and stood still near the door. His eyes looked dim and his red little nose was shiny. After dinner he used to drink beer, and the fact was perceptible in his walk, in his feeble, flabby hands.

"What's this?" he asked, pointing to the basket.

"I am packing. Forgive me, Nikolay Sergeitch, but I cannot remain in your house. I feel deeply insulted by this search!"

"I understand.... Only you are wrong to go. Why should you? They've searched your things, but you ... what does it matter to you? You will be none the worse for it."

Mashenka was silent and went on packing. Nikolay Sergeitch pinched his moustache, as though wondering what he should say next, and went on in an ingratiating voice:

"I understand, of course, but you must make allowances. You know my wife is nervous, headstrong; you mustn't judge her too harshly."

Mashenka did not speak.

"If you are so offended," Nikolay Sergeitch went on, "well, if you like, I'm ready to apologise. I ask your pardon."

Mashenka made no answer, but only bent lower over her box. This exhausted, irresolute man was of absolutely no significance in the household. He stood in the pitiful position of a dependent and hanger-on, even with the servants, and his apology meant nothing either.

"H'm!... You say nothing! That's not enough for you. In that case, I will apologise for my wife. In my wife's name.... She behaved tactlessly, I admit it as a gentleman...."

Nikolay Sergeitch walked about the room, heaved a sigh, and went on:

"Then you want me to have it rankling here, under my heart.... You want my conscience to torment me...."

"I know it's not your fault, Nikolay Sergeitch," said Mashenka, looking him full in the face with her big tear-stained eyes. "Why should you worry yourself?"

"Of course, no.... But still, don't you ... go away. I entreat you."

Mashenka shook her head. Nikolay Sergeitch stopped at the window and drummed on the pane with his finger-tips.

"Such misunderstandings are simply torture to me," he said. "Why, do you want me to go down on my knees to you, or what? Your pride is wounded, and here you've been crying and packing up to go; but I have pride, too, and you do not spare it! Or do you want me to tell you what I would not tell as Confession? Do you? Listen; you want me to tell you what I won't tell the priest on my deathbed?"

Mashenka made no answer.

"I took my wife's brooch," Nikolay Sergeitch said quickly. "Is that enough now? Are you satisfied? Yes, I ... took it.... But, of course, I count on your discretion.... For God's sake, not a word, not half a hint to any one!"

Mashenka, amazed and frightened, went on packing; she snatched her things, crumpled them up, and thrust them anyhow into the box and the basket. Now, after this candid avowal on the part of Nikolay Sergeitch, she could not remain another minute, and could not understand how she could have gone on living in the house before.

"And it's nothing to wonder at," Nikolay Sergeitch went on after a pause. "It's an everyday story! I need money, and she ... won't give it to me. It was my father's money that bought this house and everything, you know! It's all mine, and the brooch belonged to my mother, and ... it's all mine! And she took it, took possession of everything.... I can't go to law with her, you'll admit.... I beg you most earnestly, overlook it ... stay on. Tout comprendre, tout pardonner. Will you stay?"

"No!" said Mashenka resolutely, beginning to tremble. "Let me alone, I entreat you!"

"Well, God bless you!" sighed Nikolay Sergeitch, sitting down on the stool near the box. "I must own I like people who still can feel resentment, contempt, and so on. I could sit here forever and look at your indignant face.... So you won't stay, then? I understand.... It's bound to be so ... Yes, of course.... It's all right for you, but for me—wo-o-o-o!... I can't stir a step out of this cellar. I'd go off to one of our estates, but in every one of them there are some of my wife's rascals ... stewards, experts, damn them all! They mortgage and remortgage.... You mustn't catch fish, must keep off the grass, mustn't break the trees."

"Nikolay Sergeitch!" his wife's voice called from the drawing-room. "Agnia, call your master!"

"Then you won't stay?" asked Nikolay Sergeitch, getting up quickly and going towards the door. "You might as well stay, really. In the evenings I could come and have a talk with you. Eh? Stay! If you go, there won't be a human face left in the house. It's awful!"

Nikolay Sergeitch's pale, exhausted face besought her, but Mashenka shook her head, and with a wave of his hand he went out.

Half an hour later she was on her way.

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## THE DOG

from **Knock, Knock, Knock and Other Stories**, by Ivan Turgenev

Translator: Constance Garnett

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"But if one admits the possibility of the supernatural, the possibility of its participation in real life, then allow me to ask what becomes of common sense?" Anton Stepanitch pronounced and he folded his arms over his stomach.

Anton Stepanitch had the grade of a civil councillor, served in some incomprehensible department and, speaking emphatically and stiffly in a bass voice, enjoyed universal respect. He had not long before, in the words of those who envied him, "had the Stanislav stuck on to him."

"That's perfectly true," observed Skvorevitch.

"No one will dispute that," added Kinarevitch.

"I am of the same opinion," the master of the house, Finoplentov, chimed in from the corner in falsetto.

"Well, I must confess, I cannot agree, for something supernatural has happened to me myself," said a bald, corpulent middle-aged gentleman of medium height, who had till then sat silent behind the stove. The eyes of all in the room turned to him with curiosity and surprise, and there was a silence.

The man was a Kaluga landowner of small means who had lately come to Petersburg. He had once served in the Hussars, had lost money at cards, had resigned his commission and had settled in the country. The recent economic reforms had reduced his income and he had come to the capital to look out for a suitable berth. He had no qualifications and no connections, but he confidently relied on the friendship of an old comrade who had suddenly, for no visible reason, become a person of importance, and whom he had once helped in thrashing a card sharper. Moreover, he reckoned on his luck--and it did not fail him: a few days after his arrival in town he received the post of superintendent of government warehouses, a profitable and even honourable position, which did not call for conspicuous abilities: the warehouses themselves had only a hypothetical existence and indeed it was not very precisely known with what they were to be filled--but they had been invented with a view to government economy.

Anton Stepanitch was the first to break the silence.

"What, my dear sir," he began, "do you seriously maintain that something supernatural has happened to you? I mean to say, something inconsistent with the laws of nature?"

"I do maintain it," replied the gentleman addressed as "My dear sir," whose name was Porfiry Kapitonitch.

"Inconsistent with the laws of nature!" Anton Stepanitch repeated angrily; apparently he liked the phrase.

"Just so ... yes; it was precisely what you say."

"That's amazing! What do you think of it, gentlemen?" Anton Stepanitch tried to give his features an ironical expression, but without effect--or to speak more accurately, merely with the effect of suggesting that the dignified civil councillor had detected an unpleasant smell. "Might we trouble you, dear sir," he went on, addressing the Kaluga landowner, "to give us the details of so interesting an incident?"

"Certainly, why not?" answered the landowner and, moving in a free-and-easy way to the middle of the room, he spoke as follows:

"I have, gentlemen, as you are probably aware, or perhaps are not aware, a small estate in the Kozelsky district. In old days I used to get something out of it, though now, of course, I have nothing to look forward to but unpleasantness. But enough of politics. Well, in that district I have a little place: the usual kitchen garden, a little pond with carp in it, farm buildings of a sort and a little lodge for my own sinful person ... I am a bachelor. Well, one day--some six years ago--I came home rather late; I had had a game of cards at a neighbour's and I was--I beg you to note--the least little bit elevated, as they say; I undressed, got into bed and put out the candle. And only fancy, gentlemen: as soon as I put out the candle there was something moving under my bed! I wondered whether it was a rat; no, it was not a rat: it moved about, scratched on the floor and scratched itself.... At last it flapped its ears!

"There was no mistake about it; it was a dog. But where could a dog have come from? I did not keep one; could some stray dog have run in, I wondered. I called my servant; Filka was his name. He came in with a candle.

"'How's this,' I said, 'Filka, my lad? Is that how you look after things? A dog has got under my bed?' 'What dog?' said he. 'How do I know,' said I, 'that's your business--to save your master from disturbance.' My Filka bent down, and began moving the candle under the bed. 'But there's no dog here,' said he. I bent down, too; there certainly was no dog there. What a queer thing!--I glanced at Filka and he was smiling. 'You stupid,' I said to him, 'why are you grinning. When you opened the door the dog must have whisked out into the passage. And you, gaping idiot, saw nothing because you are always asleep. You don't suppose I am drunk, do you?' He would have answered, but I sent him out, curled up and that night heard nothing more.

"But the next night--only fancy--the thing was repeated. As soon as I blew out the candle, he scratched himself and flapped his ears again. Again I called Filka; again he looked under the bed--again there was nothing! I sent him away, blew out the candle--and, damn it all, the dog was there again and it was a dog right enough: one could hear it breathing, biting its coat, looking for fleas.... It was so distinct--'Filka,' I said, 'come here without the candle!' He came in. 'Well, now,' I said, 'do you hear?' 'Yes,' he said. I could not see him, but I felt that the fellow was scared. 'What do you make of it?' said I. 'What do you bid me make of it, Porfiry Kapitonitch? It's sorcery!' 'You are a foolish fellow,' I said, 'hold your tongue with your sorcery....' And our voices quavered like a bird's and we were trembling in the dark as though we were in a fever. I lighted a candle, no dog, no sound, only us two, as white as chalk. So I kept a candle burning till morning and I assure you, gentlemen, you may believe me or you may not, but from that night for six weeks the same thing was repeated. In the end I actually got used to it and began putting out the candle, because I couldn't get to sleep in the light. 'Let him fidget,' I thought, 'he doesn't do me any harm.'"

"Well, I see you are not one of the chicken-hearted brigade," Anton Stepanitch interrupted in a half-contemptuous, half-condescending tone! "One can see the Hussar at once!"

"I shouldn't be afraid of you in any case," Porfiry Kapitonitch observed, and for an instant he really did look like a Hussar.

"But listen to the rest. A neighbour came to see me, the very one with whom I used to play cards. He dined with me on what luck provided and dropped some fifty roubles for his visit; night came on, it was time for him to be off. But I had my own idea. 'Stay the night with me,' I said, 'Vassily Vassilitch; tomorrow, please God, you will win it back.' Vassily Vassilitch considered and stayed. I had a bed put up for him in my room.... Well, we went to bed, smoked, chatted--about the fair sex for the most part, as is only suitable in bachelor company--we laughed, of course; I saw Vassily Vassilitch put out his candle and turn his back towards me: as much as to say: 'Good night.' I waited a little, then I, too, put out my candle. And, only fancy, I had hardly time to wonder what sort of trick would be played this time, when the sweet creature was moving again. And moving was not all; it came out from under the bed, walked across the room, tapped on the floor with its paws, shook its ears and all of a sudden pushed against the very chair that was close by Vassily Vassilitch's bed. 'Porfiry Kapitonitch,' said the latter, and in such an unconcerned voice, you know, 'I did not know you had a dog. What sort is it, a setter?' 'I haven't a dog,' I said, 'and never have had one!' 'You haven't? Why, what's this?' 'What's this?' said I, 'why, light the candle and then you will see for yourself.' 'Isn't it a dog?' 'No.' Vassily Vassilitch turned over in bed. 'But you are joking, dash it all.' 'No, I am not joking.' I heard him go strike, strike, with a match, while the creature persisted in scratching its ribs. The light flared up ... and, hey presto! not a trace remained! Vassily Vassilitch looked at me and I looked at him. 'What trick is this?' he said. 'It's a trick,' I said, 'that, if you were to set Socrates himself on one side and Frederick the Great on the other, even they could not make it out.' And then I told him all about it. Didn't my Vassily Vassilitch jump out of bed! As though he had been scalded! He couldn't get into his boots. 'Horses,' he cried, 'horses!' I began trying to persuade him, but it was no use! He positively gasped! 'I won't stay,' he said, 'not a minute! You must be a man under a curse! Horses.' However, I prevailed upon him. Only his bed was dragged into another room and nightlights were lighted everywhere. At our tea in the morning he had regained his equanimity; he began to give me advice. 'You should try being away from home for a few days, Porfiry Kapitonitch,' he said, 'perhaps this abomination would leave you.' And I must tell you: my neighbour was a man of immense intellect. He managed his mother-in-law wonderfully: he fastened an I. O. U. upon her; he must have chosen a sentimental moment! She became as soft as silk, she gave him an authorisation for the management of all her estate--what more would you have? You know it is something to get the better of one's mother-in-law. Eh! You can judge for yourselves. However, he took leave of me in some displeasure; I'd stripped him of a hundred roubles again. He actually abused me. 'You are ungrateful,' he said, 'you have no feeling'; but how was I to blame? Well, be that as it may, I considered his advice. That very day I drove off to the town and put up at an inn, kept by an old man I knew, a Dissenter. He was a worthy old fellow, though a little morose from living in solitude, all his family were dead. But he disliked tobacco and had the greatest loathing for dogs; I believe he would have been torn to pieces rather than consent to let a dog into his room. 'For how can one?' he would say, 'the Queen of Heaven herself is graciously pleased to be on my wall there, and is an unclean dog to put his infidel nose there?' Of course, it was lack of education! However, to my thinking, whatever wisdom a man has he had better stick to that."

"I see you are a great philosopher," Anton Stepanitch interrupted a second time with the same sarcastic smile.

This time Porfiry Kapitonitch actually frowned.

"How much I know of philosophy I cannot tell," he observed, tugging grimly at his moustache, "but I would be glad to give you a lesson in it."

We all simply stared at Anton Stepanitch. Every one of us expected a haughty reply, or at least a glance like a flash of lightning.... But the civil councillor turned his contemptuous smile into one of indifference, then yawned, swung his foot and--that was all!

"Well, I stayed at that old fellow's," Porfiry Kapitonitch went on. "He gave me a little room, not one of the best, as we were old friends; his own was close by, the other side of the partition--and that was just what I wanted. The tortures I faced that night! A little room, a regular oven, stuffiness, flies, and such sticky ones; in the corner an extraordinarily big shrine with ancient ikons, with dingy setting in relief on them. It fairly reeked of oil and some other stuff, too; there were two featherbeds on the beds. If you moved the pillow a black beetle would run from under it.... I had drunk an incredible quantity of tea, feeling so dreary--it was simply dreadful! I got into bed; there was no possibility of sleeping--and, the other side of the partition, my host was sighing, clearing his throat, repeating his prayers. However, he subsided at last. I heard him begin to snore, but only faintly, in the old-fashioned polite way. I had put my candle out long ago, but the little lamp was burning before the ikons.... That prevented it, I suppose. So I got up softly with bare feet, climbed up to the lamp, and blew it out.... Nothing happened. 'Oho!' I thought, 'so it doesn't come off in other people's houses.'

"But I had no sooner got into bed than there was a commotion again. He was scraping on the floor and scratching himself and shaking his ears ... the usual thing, in fact. Very good! I lay still and waited to see what would happen. I heard the old man wake up. 'Sir,' he said, 'hey, sir.' 'What is it?' 'Did you put out the lamp?' But without waiting for my answer, he burst out all at once. 'What's that? What's that, a dog? A dog! Ah, you vile heretic!' 'Wait a bit, old man, before you scold,' I said. 'You had better come here yourself. Things are happening,' I said, 'that may well make you wonder.' The old man stirred behind the partition and came in to me, with a candle, a very, very thin one, made of yellow wax; I was surprised when I looked at him! He looked bristling all over, with hairy ears and eyes as fierce as a weasel's; he had on a white woollen night cap, a beard to his waist, white; too, and a waistcoat with copper buttons on it over his shirt and fur boots on his feet and he smelt of juniper. In this attire he approached the ikons, crossed himself three times with his two fingers crossed, lighted the lamp, crossed himself again and, turning to me, just grunted: 'Explain!' And thereupon, without delay, I told him all that had happened. The old man listened to my account and did not drop one word, simply shook his head. Then he sat down on my bed and still said nothing. He scratched his chest, the back of his head and so on and said nothing. 'Well,' I said, 'Fedul Ivanitch, what do you think? Is it some devil's sorcery or what?' The old man looked at me. 'What an idea! Devil's sorcery! A tobacco-smoker like you might well have that at home, but not here. Only think what holiness there is here! Sorcery, indeed!' 'And if it is not sorcery, what is it, then?' The old man was silent again; again he scratched himself and said at last, but in a muffled voice, for his moustache was all over his mouth: 'You go to the town of Belyov. There is no one who can help you but one man. And that man lives in Belyov. He is one of our people. If he is willing to help you, you are lucky; if he is not, nothing can be done.' 'And how am I to find this man?' I said. 'I can direct you about that,' he answered; 'but how can it be sorcery? It is an apparition, or rather an indication; but you cannot comprehend it, it is beyond your understanding. Lie down to sleep now with the blessing of our Lord Christ; I will burn incense and in the morning we will converse. Morning, you know, brings wisdom.'

"Well, we did converse in the morning, only I was almost stifled by that incense. And this was the counsel the old man gave me: that when I reached Belyov I should go into the market place and ask in the second shop on the right for one Prohoritch, and when I had found Prohoritch, put into his hand a writing and the writing consisted of a scrap of paper, on which stood the following words: 'In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen. To Sergey Prohorovitch Pervushin. Trust this man. Feduly Ivanitch.' And below, 'Send the cabbages, for God's sake.'

"I thanked the old man and without further discussion ordered my carriage and drove to Belyov. For I reflected, that though I suffered no harm from my nocturnal visitor, yet it was uncanny and in fact not quite the thing for a nobleman and an officer--what do you think?"

"And did you really go to Belyov?" murmured Finoplentov.

"Straight to Belyov. I went into the market place and asked at the second shop on the right for Prohoritch. 'Is there such a person?' I asked. 'Yes,' they told me. 'And where does he live?' 'By the Oka, beyond the market gardens.' 'In whose house?' 'In his own.' I went to the Oka, found his house, though it was really not a house but simply a hovel. I saw a man wearing a blue patched coat and a ragged cap, well ... he looked like a working-man, he was standing with his back to me, digging among his cabbages. I went up to him. 'Are you so and so?' I said. He turned round and, I tell you the truth, I have never seen such piercing eyes in my life. Yet the whole face was shrunk up like a little fist with a little wedge-shaped beard and sunken lips. He was an old man. 'I am so and so,' he said. 'What are you needing?' 'Why, this is what I am needing,' I said, and put the writing in his hand. He looked at me intently and said: 'Come indoors, I can't read without spectacles.'

"Well, I went with him into his hut--and a hut it certainly was: poor, bare, crooked; only just holding together. On the wall there was an ikon of old workmanship as black as a coal; only the whites of the eyes gleamed in the faces. He took some round spectacles in iron frames out of a little table, put them on his nose, read the writing and looked at me again through the spectacles. 'You have need of me?' 'I certainly have,' I answered. 'Well,' said he, 'if you have, tell it and we will listen.' And, only fancy, he sat down and took a checked handkerchief out of his pocket, and spread it out on his knee, and the handkerchief was full of holes, and he looked at me with as much dignity as though he were a senator or a minister, and he did not ask me to sit down. And what was still stranger, I felt all at once awe-stricken, so awe-stricken ... my soul sank into my heels. He pierced me through with his eyes and that's the fact! I pulled myself together, however, and told him all my story. He was silent for a space, shrank into himself, chewed his lips and then questioned me just like a senator again, majestically, without haste. 'What is your name?' he asked. 'Your age? What were your parents? Are you single or married?' Then again he munched his lips, frowned, held up his finger and spoke: 'Bow down to the holy ikon, to the honourable Saints Zossima and Savvaty of Solovki.' I bowed down to the earth and did not get up in a hurry; I felt such awe for the man and such submission that I believe that whatever he had told me to do I should have done it on the spot! ... I see you are grinning, gentlemen, but I was in no laughing mood then, I assure you. 'Get up, sir,' said he at last. 'I can help you. This is not sent you as a chastisement, but as a warning; it is for your protection; someone is praying for your welfare. Go to the market now and buy a young dog and keep it by you day and night. Your visions will leave you and, moreover, that dog will be of use to you.'

"I felt as though light dawned upon me, all at once; how those words delighted me. I bowed down to Prohoritch and would have gone away, when I bethought me that I could not go away without rewarding him. I got a three rouble note out of my pocket. But he thrust my hand away and said, 'Give it

to our chapel, or to the poor; the service I have done you is not to be paid for.' I bowed down to him again almost to the ground, and set off straight for the market! And only fancy: as soon as I drew near the shops, lo and behold, a man in a frieze overcoat comes sauntering towards me carrying under his arm a two months' old setter puppy with a reddish brown coat, white lips and white forepaws. 'Stay,' I said to the man in the overcoat, 'what will you sell it for?' 'For two roubles.' Take three!' The man looked at me in amazement, thought the gentleman had gone out of his wits, but I flung the notes in his face, took the pup under my arm and made for my carriage! The coachman quickly had the horses harnessed and that evening I reached home. The puppy sat inside my coat all the way and did not stir; and I kept calling him, 'Little Trésor! Little Trésor!' I gave him food and drink at once. I had some straw brought in, settled him and whisked into bed! I blew out the candle: it was dark. 'Well, now begin,' said I. There was silence. 'Begin,' said I, 'you so and so!'... Not a sound, as though to mock me. Well, I began to feel so set up that I fell to calling it all sorts of names. But still there was not a sound! I could only hear the puppy panting! Filka,' I cried, 'Filka! Come here, you stupid!' He came in. 'Do you hear the dog?' 'No, sir,' said he, 'I hear nothing,' and he laughed. 'And you won't hear it ever again,' said I. 'Here's half a rouble for vodka!' 'Let me kiss your hand,' said the foolish fellow, and he stooped down to me in the darkness.... It was a great relief, I must tell you."

"And was that how it all ended?" asked Anton Stepanitch, this time without irony.

"The apparitions ended certainly and I was not disturbed in any way, but wait a bit, the whole business was not over yet. My Trésor grew, he turned into a fine fellow. He was heavy, with flopping ears and overhanging lip and a thick tail; a regular sporting dog. And he was extremely attached to me, too. The shooting in our district is poor, however, as I had set up a dog, I got a gun, too. I took to sauntering round the neighbourhood with my Trésor: sometimes one would hit a hare (and didn't he go after that hare, upon my soul), sometimes a quail, or a duck. But the great thing was that Trésor was never a step away from me. Where I went, he went; I even took him to the bath with me, I did really! One lady actually tried to get me turned out of her drawing-room on account of Trésor, but I made such an uproar! The windows I broke! Well, one day ... it was in summer ... and I must tell you there was a drought at the time such as nobody remembered. The air was full of smoke or haze. There was a smell of burning, the sun was like a molten bullet, and as for the dust there was no getting it out of one's nose and throat. People walked with their mouths wide open like crows. I got weary of sitting at home in complete deshabelle, with shutters closed; and luckily the heat was beginning to abate a little.... So I went off, gentlemen, to see a lady, a neighbour of mine. She lived about three-quarters of a mile away--and she certainly was a benevolent lady. She was still young and blooming and of most prepossessing appearance; but she was of rather uncertain temper. Though that is no harm in the fair sex; it even gives me pleasure.... Well, I reached her door, and I did feel that I had had a hot time of it getting there! Well, I thought, Nimfodora Semyonovna will regale me now with bilberry water and other cooling drinks--and I had already taken hold of the doorhandle when all at once there was the tramping of feet and shrieking, and shouting of boys from round the corner of a hut in the courtyard.... I looked round. Good heavens! A huge reddish beast was rushing straight towards me; at the first glance I did not recognise it as a dog: its jaws were open, its eyes were bloodshot, its coat was bristling.... I had not time to take breath before the monster bounded up the steps, stood upon its hind legs and made straight for my chest--it was a position! I was numb with terror and could not lift my arms. I was completely stupefied.... I could see nothing but the terrible white tusks just before my nose, the red tongue all covered with white foam. But at the same instant, another dark body was whisking before me like a ball--it was my darling Trésor defending me; and he hung like a leech on the brute's throat! The creature wheezed, grated its teeth and staggered back. I instantly flung open the door and got into the hall.... I stood hardly knowing what I was doing with my whole weight on the door, and heard a desperate battle going on

outside. I began shouting and calling for help; everyone in the house was terribly upset. Nimfodora Semyonovna ran out with her hair down, the voices in the yard grew louder--and all at once I heard: 'Hold the gate, hold it, fasten it!' I opened the door--just a crack, and looked out: the monster was no longer on the steps, the servants were rushing about the yard in confusion waving their hands and picking up bits of wood from the ground; they were quite crazy. 'To the village, it has run off to the village,' shrieked a peasant woman in a cap of extraordinary size poking her head out of a dormer window. I went out of the house.

"Where is my Trésor?' I asked and at once I saw my saviour. He was coming from the gate limping, covered with wounds and with blood.... 'What's the meaning of it?' I asked the servants who were dashing about the yard as though possessed. 'A mad dog!' they answered, 'the count's; it's been hanging about here since yesterday.'

"We had a neighbour, a count, who bred very fierce foreign dogs. My knees shook; I rushed to a looking-glass and looked to see whether I had been bitten. No, thank God, there was nothing to be seen; only my countenance naturally looked green; while Nimfodora Semyonovna was lying on the sofa and cackling like a hen. Well, that one could quite understand, in the first place nerves, in the second sensibility. She came to herself at last, though, and asked me whether I were alive. I answered that I was and that Trésor had saved me. 'Ah,' she said, 'what a noble creature! and so the mad dog has strangled him?' 'No,' I said, 'it has not strangled him, but has wounded him seriously.' 'Oh,' she said, 'in that case he must be shot this minute!' 'Oh, no,' I said, 'I won't agree to that. I shall try to cure him....' At that moment Trésor began scratching at the door. I was about to go and open it for him. 'Oh,' she said, 'what are you doing, why, it will bite us all.' 'Upon my word,' I said, 'the poison does not act so quickly.' 'Oh, how can you?' she said. 'Why, you have taken leave of your senses!' 'Nimfotchka,' I said, 'calm yourself, be reasonable....' But she suddenly cried, 'Go away at once with your horrid dog.' 'I will go away,' said I. 'At once,' she said, 'this second! Get along with you,' she said, 'you villain, and never dare to let me set eyes on you again. You may go mad yourself!' 'Very good,' said I, 'only let me have a carriage for I am afraid to go home on foot now.' 'Give him the carriage, the coach, the chaise, what he likes, only let him be gone quickly. Oh, what eyes! Oh, what eyes he has!' and with those words she whisked out of the room and gave a maid who met her a slap in the face--and I heard her in hysterics again.

"And you may not believe me, gentlemen, but that very day I broke off all acquaintance with Nimfodora Semyonovna; on mature consideration of everything, I am bound to add that for that circumstance, too, I shall owe a debt of gratitude to my friend Trésor to the hour of my death.

"Well, I had the carriage brought round, put my Trésor in and drove home. When I got home I looked him over and washed his wounds, and thought I would take him next day as soon as it was light to the wise man in the Yefremovsky district. And this wise man was an old peasant, a wonderful man: he would whisper over some water--and some people made out that he dropped some snake spittle into it--would give it as a draught, and the trouble would be gone completely. I thought, by the way, I would be bled myself at Yefremovo: it's a good thing as a precaution against fright, only not from the arm, of course, but from the falcon."

"What place is that, the falcon?" Mr. Finoplentov asked with demure curiosity.

"Why, don't you know? It is here on the fist near the thumb, the spot on which one shakes the snuff from one's horn, just here. It's the best place for letting blood. For only consider, the blood from the arm comes from the vein, but here it is of no consequence. The doctors don't know that and don't

understand it, how should they, the idle drones, the wretched Germans? It's the blacksmiths who go in for it. And aren't they skilful! They get a chisel, give it a tap with a hammer and it's done! ... Well, while I was thinking it over, it got quite dark, it was time for bed. I went to bed and Trésor, of course, was close by me. But whether it was from the fight, from the stuffiness, from the fleas or from my thoughts, I could not get to sleep, do what I would! I can't describe the depression that came over me; I sipped water, opened the window and played the 'Kamarinsky' with Italian variations on the guitar.... No good! I felt I must get out of the room--and that was all about it! I made up my mind at last: I took my pillow, my quilt and my sheet and made my way across the garden to the hayloft; and settled myself there. And how pleasant I felt in there, gentlemen: it was a still, still night, only from time to time a breath of air like a woman's hand caressed one's cheek; it was so fresh; the hay smelt as sweet as tea; among the apple trees' the grasshoppers were chirping; then all at once came the cry of the quail--and one felt that he, too, the rogue, was happy, sitting in the dew with his little lady.... And the sky was magnificent.... The stars were glowing, or a cloud would float by, white as cotton wool, scarcely moving...."

At this point in the story Skvorevitch sneezed; Kinarevitch sneezed, too--he never failed in anything to follow his colleague's example. Anton Stepanitch looked approvingly at both of them.

"Well," Porfiry Kapitonitch went on, "well, so I lay there and again could not go to sleep. I fell to musing, and what I thought of most was the strangeness of it all: how correctly Prohoritch had explained it as a warning and I wondered why it was to me such marvels had happened.... I marvelled--particularly because I could make nothing of it--and Trésor kept whining, as he twisted round in the hay; his wounds hurt him. And I will tell you what else prevented me from sleeping--you won't believe it--the moon. It was just facing me, so big and round and yellow and flat, and it seemed to me that it was staring at me, it really did. And so insolently, so persistently.... I put out my tongue at it at last, I really did. What are you so inquisitive about? I thought. I turned away from it and it seemed to be creeping into my ear and shining on the back of my head, so that I felt caught in it as in rain; I opened my eyes and every blade of grass, every paltry being in the hay, the most flimsy spider's web--all were standing out as though they were chiselled! As though asking to be looked at! There was no help for it: I leaned my head on my hand and began gazing. And I couldn't help it: would you believe it: my eyes bulged out like a hare's; they opened so wide--as though they did not know what sleep was! It seemed as though I would devour it all with my eyes. The doors of the barn were wide open; I could see for four miles into the open country, distinctly and yet not, as it always is on a moonlight night. I gazed and gazed without blinking.... And all at once it seemed as though something were moving, far, far away ... like a faint glimmer in the distance. A little time passed: again the shadow stirred--now a little nearer; then again nearer still. 'What can it be?' I wondered, 'a hare, no,' I thought, 'it is bigger than a hare and its action is not the same.' I looked, and again the shadow came in sight, and was moving across the grazing meadow (the meadow looked whitish in the moonlight) like a big blur; it was clear that it was a wild animal, a fox or a wolf. My heart seemed to stand still ... though one might wonder why I was frightened. All sorts of wild creatures run about the fields at night. But curiosity was even stronger than fear. I sat up, I opened my eyes wide and I turned cold all over. I felt frozen, as though I had been thrust into the ice, up to my ears, and why? The Lord only knows! And I saw the shadow growing and growing, so it was running straight towards the barn. And I began to realise that it certainly was a wild beast, big, with a huge head.... He flew like a whirlwind, like a bullet.... Holy saints! what was it? He stopped all at once, as though he scented something.... Why it was ... the same mad dog! It was ... it was! Heavens! And I could not stir, I could not cry out.... It darted to the doors, with glittering eyes, howled and dashed through the hay straight at me!



"Out of the hay like a lion leapt my Trésor, here he was. They hung on to each other's jaws and rolled on the ground. What happened then I don't remember; all I remember is that I flew headlong between them into the garden, and home and into my bedroom and almost crept under the bed--why not make a clean breast of it? And what leaps, what bounds I took in the garden! The première danseuse dancing before the Emperor Napoleon on his nameday couldn't have kept pace with me. However, when I had recovered myself a little, I roused the whole household; I ordered them all to arm themselves, I myself took a sword and a revolver (I bought that revolver, I must own, soon after the emancipation, you know, in case anything should happen, but it turned out the man who sold it was such a rogue--it would be sure to miss fire twice out of every three shots). Well, I took all this and so we went, a regular horde of us with stakes and lanterns, to the barn. We approached and called--there was not a sound; at last we went into the barn.... And what did we see? My poor Trésor lay dead with his throat torn open, and of the other, the damned brute, not a trace to be seen!

"And then, gentlemen, I howled like a calf and I am not ashamed to say so; I stooped down to the friend who had saved my life twice over and kissed his head, again and again. And I stayed in that position until my old housekeeper, Praskovya (she, too, had run in at the uproar), brought me to my senses. 'How can you, Porfiry Kapitonitch,' she said, 'distress yourself so about a dog? And you will catch cold, too, God forbid.' (I was very lightly clad.) 'And if this dog has lost his life in saving you, it may be taken as a great blessing vouchsafed him!'

"Though I did not agree with Praskovya, I went home. And next day a soldier of the garrison shot the mad dog. And it must have been its destined end: it was the first time in his life that the soldier had fired a gun, though he had a medal for service in 1812. So this was the supernatural incident that happened to me."

The speaker ceased and began filling his pipe. We all looked at each other in amazement.

"Well, perhaps, you have led a very virtuous life," Mr. Finoplentov began, "so in recompense..."

But he broke off at that word, for he saw Porfiry Kapitonitch's cheeks grow round and flushed while his eyes screwed up--he was on the point of breaking into a guffaw.

"But if one admits the possibility of the supernatural, the possibility of its participation in everyday life, so to say," Anton Stepanitch began again, "then allow me to ask, what becomes of common sense?"

None of us found anything to say in reply and we remained in perplexity as before.

1866.

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## ON THE FOURTH PLANET

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by J. F. BONE

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To Kworn the object was a roadblock, threatening his life.  
But it was also a high road to a magnificent future!

The Ul Kworn paused in his search for food, extended his eye and  
considered the thing that blocked his path.

He hadn't notice the obstacle until he had almost touched it. His  
attention had been focused upon gleaning every feeder large enough to  
be edible from the lichens that covered his feeding strip. But the  
unexpected warmth radiating from the object had startled him. Sundown  
was at hand. There should be nothing living or non-living that radiated  
a fraction of the heat that was coming from the gleaming metal wall  
which lay before him. He expanded his mantle to trap the warmth as he  
pushed his eye upward to look over the top. It wasn't high, just high  
enough to be a nuisance. It curved away from him toward the boundaries  
of his strip, extending completely across the width of his land.

A dim racial memory told him that this was an artefact, a product of  
the days when the Folk had leisure to dream and time to build. It had  
probably been built by his remote ancestors millennia ago and had just  
recently been uncovered from its hiding place beneath the sand. These  
metal objects kept appearing and disappearing as the sands shifted  
to the force of the wind. He had seen them before, but never a piece  
so large or so well preserved. It shone as though it had been made  
yesterday, gleaming with a soft silvery luster against the blue-black  
darkness of the sky.

As his eye cleared the top of the wall, he quivered with shock and  
astonishment. For it was not a wall as he had thought. Instead, it was  
the edge of a huge metal disc fifty raads in diameter. And that wasn't  
all of it. Three thick columns of metal extended upward from the disc,  
leaning inward as they rose into the sky. High overhead, almost beyond  
the range of accurate vision, they converged to support an immense  
cylinder set vertically to the ground. The cylinder was almost as great  
in diameter as the disc upon which his eye first rested. It loomed

overhead, and he had a queasy feeling that it was about to fall and crush him. Strange jointed excrescences studded its surface, and in its side, some two-thirds of the way up, two smaller cylinders projected from the bigger one. They were set a little distance apart, divided by a vertical row of four black designs, and pointed straight down his feeding strip.

The Ul Kworn eyed the giant structure with disgust and puzzlement. The storm that had uncovered it must have been a great one to have blown so much sand away. It was just his fortune to have the thing squatting in his path! His mantle darkened with anger. Why was it that everything happened to him? Why couldn't it have lain in someone else's way, upon the land of one of his neighbors? It blocked him from nearly three thousand square raads of life-sustaining soil. To cross it would require energy he could not spare. Why couldn't it have been on the Ul Caada's or the Ul Varsi's strip--or any other of the numberless Folk? Why did he have to be faced with this roadblock?

He couldn't go around it since it extended beyond his territory and, therefore, he'd have to waste precious energy propelling his mass up the wall and across the smooth shining surface of the disc--all of which would have to be done without food, since his eye could see no lichen growing upon the shiny metal surface.

\* \* \* \* \*

The chill of evening had settled on the land. Most of the Folk were already wrapped in their mantles, conserving their energy until the dawn would warm them into life. But Kworn felt no need to estivate. It was warm enough beside the wall.

The air shimmered as it cooled. Microcrystals of ice formed upon the legs of the structure, outlining them in shimmering contrast to the drab shadowy landscape, with its gray-green cover of lichens stippled with the purple balls of the lichen feeders that clung to them. Beyond Kworn and his neighbors, spaced twenty raads apart, the mantled bodies of the Folk stretched in a long single line across the rolling landscape, vanishing into the darkness. Behind this line, a day's travel to the rear, another line of the Folk was following. Behind them was yet another. There were none ahead, for the Ul Kworn and the other Ul were the elders of the Folk and moved along in the first rank where their maturity and ability to reproduce had placed them according to the Law.

Caada and Varsi stirred restlessly, stimulated to movement by the heat radiating from the obstacle, but compelled by the Law to hold their place in the ranks until the sun's return would stimulate the others. Their dark crimson mantles rippled over the soil as they sent restless

pseudopods to the boundaries of their strips.

They were anxious in their attempt to communicate with the UI Kwon.

But Kwon wasn't ready to communicate. He held aloof as he sent a thin pseudopod out toward the gleaming wall in front of him. He was squandering energy; but he reasoned that he had better learn all he could about this thing before he attempted to cross it tomorrow, regardless of what it cost.

It was obvious that he would have to cross it, for the Law was specific about encroachment upon a neighbor's territory. \_No member of the Folk shall trespass the feeding land of another during the Time of Travel except with published permission. Trespass shall be punished by the ejection of the offender from his place in rank.\_

And that was equivalent to a death sentence.

He could ask Caada or Varsi for permission, but he was virtually certain that he wouldn't get it. He wasn't on particularly good terms with his neighbors. Caada was querulous, old and selfish. He had not reproduced this season and his vitality was low. He was forever hungry and not averse to slipping a sly pseudopod across the boundaries of his land to poach upon that of his neighbor. Kwon had warned him some time ago that he would not tolerate encroachment and would call for a group judgment if there was any poaching. And since the Folk were physically incapable of lying to one another, Caada would be banished. After that Caada kept his peace, but his dislike for Kwon was always evident.

\* \* \* \* \*

But Varsi who held the land on Kwon's right was worse. He had advanced to UI status only a year ago. At that time there had been rumors among the Folk about illicit feeding and stealing of germ plasm from the smaller and weaker members of the race. But that could not be proved, and many young Folk died in the grim process of growing to maturity. Kwon shrugged. If Varsi was an example of the younger generation, society was heading hell-bent toward Emptiness. He had no love for the pushing, aggressive youngster who crowded out to the very borders of his domain, pressing against his neighbors, alert and aggressive toward the slightest accidental spillover into his territory. What was worse, Varsi had reproduced successfully this year and thus had rejuvenated. Kwon's own attempt had been only partially successful. His energy reserves hadn't been great enough to produce a viable offspring, and the rejuvenation process in his body had only gone to partial completion. It would be enough to get him to the winter feeding grounds. But as insurance he had taken a place beside Caada, who was certain to go into Emptiness if the feeding en route was bad.

Still, he hadn't figured that he would have Varsi beside him.

He consoled himself with the thought that others might have as bad neighbors as he. But he would never make the ultimate mistake of exchanging germ plasm with either of his neighbors, not even if his fertility and his position depended upon it. Cells like theirs would do nothing to improve the sense of discipline and order he had so carefully developed in his own. His offspring were courteous and honorable, a credit to the Folk and to the name of Kworn. A father should be proud of his offspring, so that when they developed to the point where they could have descendants, he would not be ashamed of what they would produce. An Ul, Kworn thought grimly, should have some sense of responsibility toward the all-important future of the race.

His anger died as he exerted synergic control. Anger was a waster of energy, a luxury he couldn't afford. He had little enough as it was. It had been a bad year. Spring was late, and winter had come early. The summer had been dry and the lichens in the feeding grounds had grown poorly. The tiny, bulbous lichen feeders, the main source of food for the Folk, had failed to ripen to their usual succulent fullness. They had been poor, shrunken things, hardly worth ingesting. And those along the route to the winter feeding grounds were no better.

Glumly he touched the wall before him with a tactile filament. It was uncomfortably warm, smooth and slippery to the touch. He felt it delicately, noting the almost microscopic horizontal ridges on the wall's surface. He palpated with relief. The thing was climbable. But even as he relaxed, he recoiled, the filament writhing in agony! The wall had burned his flesh! Faint threads of vapor rose from where he had touched the metal, freezing instantly in the chill air. He pinched off the filament in an automatic protective constriction of his cells. The pain ceased instantly, but the burning memory was so poignant that his mantle twitched and shuddered convulsively for some time before the reflexes died.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thoughtfully he ingested his severed member. With a sense of numbing shock he realized that he would be unable to pass across the disc. The implications chilled him. If he could not pass, his land beyond the roadblock would be vacant and open to preemption by his neighbors. Nor could he wait until they had passed and rejoin them later. The Law was specific on that point. \_If one of the Folk lags behind in his rank, his land becomes vacant and open to his neighbors. Nor can one who has lagged behind reclaim his land by moving forward. He who abandons his position, abandons it permanently.\_

Wryly, he reflected that it was this very Law that had impelled him to take a position beside the UI Caada. And, of course, his neighbors knew the Law as well as he. It was a part of them, a part of their cells even before they split off from their parent. It would be the acme of folly to expect that neighbors like Varsi or Caada would allow him to pass over their land and hold his place in rank.

Bitterness flooded him with a stimulation so piercing that Caada extended a communication filament to project a question. "What is this thing which lies upon your land and mine?" Caada asked. His projection was weak and feeble. It was obvious that he would not last for many more days unless feeding improved.

"I do not know. It is something of metal, and it bars my land. I cannot cross it. It burns me when I touch it."

A quick twinge of excitement rushed along Caada's filament. The old UI broke the connection instantly, but not before Kworn read the flash of hope that Kworn had kindled. There was no help in this quarter, and the wild greed of Varsi was so well known that there was no sense even trying that side.

A surge of hopelessness swept through him. Unless he could find some way to pass this barrier he was doomed.

He didn't want to pass into Emptiness. He had seen too many others go that way to want to follow them. For a moment he thought desperately of begging Caada and Varsi for permission to cross into their land for the short time that would be necessary to pass the barrier, but reason asserted itself. Such an act was certain to draw a flat refusal and, after all, he was the UI Kworn and he had his pride. He would not beg when begging was useless.

And there was a bare possibility that he might survive if he closed his mantle tightly about him and waited until all the ranks had passed. He could then bring up the rear ... and, possibly, just possibly, there would be sufficient food left to enable him to reach the winter feeding grounds.

And it might still be possible to cross the disc. There was enough warmth in it to keep him active. By working all night he might be able to build a path of sand across its surface and thus keep his tissues from being seared by the metal. He would be technically violating the law by moving ahead of the others, but if he did not feed ahead, no harm would be done.

\* \* \* \* \*

He moved closer to the barrier and began to pile sand against its base, sloping it to make a broad ramp to the top of the disc. The work was slow and the sand was slippery. The polished grains slipped away and the ramp crumbled time after time. But he worked on, piling up sand until it reached the top of the disc. He looked across the flat surface that stretched before him.

Fifty raads!

It might as well be fifty zets. He couldn't do it. Already his energy level was so low that he could hardly move, and to build a raad-wide path across this expanse of metal was a task beyond his strength. He drooped across the ramp, utterly exhausted. It was no use. What he ought to do was open his mantle to Emptiness.

He hadn't felt the communication filaments of Caada and Varsi touch him. He had been too busy, but now with Caada's burst of glee, and Varsi's cynical, "A noble decision, Ul Kworn. You should be commended," he realized that they knew everything.

His body rippled hopelessly. He was tired, too tired for anger. His energy was low. He contemplated Emptiness impassively. Sooner or later it came to all Folk. He had lived longer than most, and perhaps it was his time to go. He was finished. He accepted the fact with a cold fatalism that he never dreamed he possessed. Lying there on the sand, his mantle spread wide, he waited for the end to come.

It wouldn't come quickly, he thought. He was still far from the cellular disorganization that preceded extinction. He was merely exhausted, and in need of food to restore his energy.

With food he might still have an outside chance of building the path in time. But there was no food. He had gleaned his area completely before he had ever reached the roadblock.

Lying limp and relaxed on the ramp beside the barrier, he slowly became conscious that the metal wasn't dead. It was alive! Rhythmic vibrations passed through it and were transmitted to his body by the sand.

A wild hope stirred within him. If the metal were alive it might hear him if he tried to communicate. He concentrated his remaining reserves of energy, steeled himself against the pain and pressed a communication filament against the metal.

"Help me!" he projected desperately. "You're blocking my strip! I can't pass!"

Off to one side he sensed Varsi's laughter and on the other felt

Caada's gloating greed.

"I cannot wake this metal," he thought hopelessly as he tried again, harder than before, ignoring the pain of his burning flesh.

Something clicked sharply within the metal, and the tempo of the sounds changed.

"It's waking!" Kworn thought wildly.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a creaking noise from above. A rod moved out from the cylinder and twisted into the ground in Varsi's territory, to the accompaniment of clicking, grinding noises. A square grid lifted from the top of the cylinder and began rotating. And Kworn shivered and jerked to the tremendous power of the words that flowed through him. They were words, but they had no meaning, waves of sound that hammered at his receptors in an unknown tongue he could not understand. The language of the Folk had changed since the days of the ancients, he thought despairingly.

And then, with a mantle-shattering roar, the cylinders jutting overhead spouted flame and smoke. Two silvery balls trailing thin, dark filaments shot out of the great cylinder and buried themselves in the sand behind him. The filaments lay motionless in the sand as Kworn, wrapped defensively in his mantle, rolled off the ramp to the ground below.

The silence that followed was so deep that it seemed like Emptiness had taken the entire land.

Slowly Kworn loosened his mantle. "In the name of my first ancestor," he murmured shakily, "what was that?" His senses were shocked and disorganized by the violence of the sound. It was worse even than the roar and scream of the samshin that occasionally blew from the south, carrying dust, lichens, feeders and even Folk who had been too slow or too foolish to hide from the fury of the wind.

Gingerly, Kworn inspected the damage to his mantle. It was minor. A tiny rip that could easily be repaired, a few grains of sand that could be extruded. He drew himself together to perform the repairs with the least possible loss of energy, and as he did, he was conscious of an emanation coming from the filaments that had been hurled from the cylinder.

Food!



And such food!

It was the distilled quintessence of a thousand purple feeders! It came to his senses in a shimmering wave of ecstasy so great that his mantle glowed a bright crimson. He stretched a pseudopod toward its source, and as he touched the filament his whole body quivered with anticipation. The barrier was blotted from his thoughts by an orgy of shuddering delight almost too great for flesh to endure. Waves of pleasure ran through his body as he swiftly extended to cover the filament. It could be a trap, he thought, but it made no difference. The demands of his depleted body and the sheer vacuole-constricting delight of this incredible foodstuff made a combination too potent for his will to resist, even if it had desired to do so. Waves of pleasure rippled through him as more of his absorptive surface contacted the filament. He snuggled against it, enfolding it completely, letting the peristaltic rushes sweep through him. He had never fed like this as long as he could recall. His energy levels swelled and pulsed as he sucked the last delight from the cord, and contemplated the further pleasure waiting for him in that other one lying scarcely twenty raads away.

Sensuously, he extended a pseudopod from his upper surface and probed for the other filament. He was filled to the top of his primary vacuole but the desire for more was stronger than ever--despite the fact that he knew the food in the other filament would bring him to critical level, would force him to reproduce. The thought amused him. As far back as he could remember, no member of the Folk had ever budded an offspring during the Time of Travel. It would be unheard of, something that would go down through the years in the annals of the Folk, and perhaps even cause a change in the Law.

The pseudopod probed, reached and stopped short of its goal. There was nothing around it but empty air.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fear drove the slow orgasmic thoughts from his mind. Absorbed in gluttony, he hadn't noticed that the filament had tightened and was slowly drawing back into the cylinder from whence it came. And now it was too late! He was already over the rim of the metal disc.

Feverishly, he tried to disengage his absorptive surfaces from the filament and crawl down its length to safety, but he couldn't move. He was stuck to the dark cord by some strange adhesive that cemented his cells firmly to the cord. He could not break free.

The line moved steadily upward, dragging him inexorably toward a dark opening in the cylinder overhead. Panic filled him! Desperately he

tried to loosen his trapped surfaces. His pseudopod lashed futilely in the air, searching with panic for something to grip, something to clutch that would stop this slow movement to the hell of pain that waited for him in the metal high overhead.

His searching flesh struck another's, and into his mind flooded the Ul Caada's terrified thought. The old one had reacted quicker than he, perhaps because he was poaching, but like himself he was attached and could not break free.

"Serves you right," Kwon projected grimly. "The thing was on my land. You had no right to feed upon it."

"Get me loose!" Caada screamed. His body flopped at the end of a thick mass of digestive tissue, dangling from the line, writhing and struggling in mindless terror. It was strange, Kwon thought, that fear should be so much stronger in the old than in the young.

"Cut loose, you fool," Kwon projected. "There isn't enough of you adhered to hurt if it were lost. A little body substance isn't worth your life. Hurry! You'll be too late if you don't. That metal is poisonous to our flesh."

"But it will be pain to cut my absorbing surface," Caada protested.

"It will be death if you don't."

"Then why don't you?"

"I can't," Kwon said hopelessly. "All my surface is stuck to the filament. I can't cut free." He was calm now, resigned to the inevitable. His greed had brought him to this. Perhaps it was a fitting punishment. But Caada need not die if he would show courage.

He rotated his eye to watch his struggling neighbor. Apparently Caada was going to take his advice. The tissue below the part of him stuck to the filament began to thin. His pseudopod broke contact. But his movements were slow and hesitant. Already his body mass was rising above the edge of the disc.

"Quick, you fool!" Kwon projected. "Another moment and you're dead!"

But Caada couldn't hear. Slowly his tissues separated as he reluctantly abandoned his absorptive surface. But he was already over the disc. The last cells pinched off and he fell, mantle flapping, full on the surface of the disc. For a moment he lay there quivering, and then his body was blotted from sight by a cloud of frozen steam, and his essence vanished screaming into Emptiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kworn shuddered. It was a terrible way to die. But his own fate would be no better. He wrapped his mantle tightly around him as his leading parts vanished into the dark hole in the cylinder. In a moment he would be following Caada on the journey from which no member of the Folk had ever returned. His body disappeared into the hole.

--and was plunged into paradise!

His foreparts slipped into a warm, thick liquid that loosened the adhesive that bound him to the cord. As he slipped free, he slowly realized that he was not to die. He was bathed in liquid food! He was swimming in it! He was surrounded on all sides by incredible flavors so strange and delicious that his mind could not classify them! The filament had been good, but this--this was indescribable! He relaxed, his mantle spreading through the food, savoring, absorbing, digesting, metabolizing, excreting. His energy levels peaked. The nuclei of his germ plasm swelled, their chromosomes split, and a great bud formed and separated from his body. He had reproduced!

Through a deadening fog of somatic sensation, he realized dully that this was wrong, that the time wasn't right, that the space was limited, and that the natural reaction to abundant food supply was wrong. But for the moment he didn't care.

For thousands of seasons he had traveled the paths between equator and pole in a ceaseless hunt for food, growing and rejuvenating in good seasons, shrinking and aging in bad. He had been bound to the soil, a slave to the harsh demands of life and Nature. And now the routine was broken.

He luxuriated in his freedom. It must have been like this in the old days, when the waters were plentiful and things grew in them that could be eaten, and the Folk had time to dream young dreams and think young thoughts, and build their thoughts and dreams into the gleaming realities of cities and machines. Those were the days when the mind went above the soil into the air and beyond it to the moons, the sun and the evening stars.

But that was long ago.

He lay quietly, conscious of the change within him as his cells multiplied to replace those he had lost, and his body grew in weight and size. He was rejuvenated. The cells of his growing body, stimulated by the abundance of food, released memories he had forgotten he had ever possessed. His past ran in direct cellular continuity to the dawn

of his race, and in him was every memory he had experienced since the beginning. Some were weak, others were stronger, but all were there awaiting an effort of recall. All that was required was enough stimulation to bring them out of hiding.

And for the first time in millennia the stimulus was available. The stimulus was growth, the rapid growth that only an abundant food supply could give, the sort of growth that the shrunken environment outside could not supply. With sudden clarity he saw how the Folk had shrunk in mind and body as they slowly adapted to the ever-increasing rigor of life. The rushing torrent of memory and sensation that swept through him gave him a new awareness of what he had been once and what he had become. His eye was lifted from the dirt and lichens.

\* \* \* \* \*

What he saw filled him with pity and contempt. Pity for what the Folk had become; contempt for their failure to recognize it. Yet he had been no better than the others. It was only through the accident of this artefact that he had learned. The Folk \_couldn't\_ know what the slow dwindling of their food supply had done to them. Over the millennia they had adapted, changing to fit the changing conditions, surviving only because they were more intelligent and more tenacious than the other forms of life that had become extinct. A thousand thousand seasons had passed since the great war that had devastated the world. A million years of slow adaptation to the barren waste that had been formed when the ultimate products of Folk technology were loosed on their creators, had created a race tied to a subsistence level of existence, incapable of thinking beyond the basic necessities of life.

The Ul Kworn sighed. It would be better if he would not remember so much. But he could suppress neither the knowledge nor the memories. They crowded in upon him, stimulated by the food in which he floated.

Beside him, his offspring was growing. A bud always grew rapidly in a favorable environment, and this one was ideal. Soon it would be as large as himself. Yet it would never develop beyond an infant. It could not mature without a transfer of germ plasm from other infants of the Folk. And there were no infants.

It would grow and keep on growing because there would be no check of maturity upon its cells. It would remain a partly sentient lump of flesh that would never be complete. And in time it would be dangerous. When it had depleted the food supply it would turn on him in mindless hunger. It wouldn't realize that the Ul Kworn was its father, or if it did, it wouldn't care. An infant is ultimately selfish, and its desires are the most important thing in its restricted universe.

Kworn considered his situation dispassionately.

It was obvious that he must escape from this trap before his offspring destroyed him. Yet he could think of no way to avoid the poison metal. He recognized it now, the element with the twelve protons in its nucleus, a light metal seldom used by the Folk even in the days of their greatness because of its ability to rapidly oxidize and its propensity to burst into brilliant flame when heated. With sudden shock he realized that the artefact was nothing less than a gigantic torch!

Why had it been built like this? What was its function? Where had it come from? Why hadn't it spoke since it had released that flood of unintelligible gibberish before it had drawn him inside? Ever since he had entered this food tank it had been quiet except for a clicking, chattering whir that came from somewhere above him. He had the odd impression that it was storing information about him and the way he reacted in the tank.

And then, abruptly, it broke into voice. Cryptic words poured from it, piercing him with tiny knives of sound. The intensity and rapidity of the projections shocked him, left him quivering and shaking when they stopped as abruptly as they had begun.

In the quiet that followed, Kworn tried to recall the sequence of the noise. The words were like nothing he had ever heard. They were not the language of the Folk either past or present. And they had a flow and sequence that was not organic. They were mechanical, the product of a metal intelligence that recorded and spoke but did not think. The Folk had machines like that once.

How had it begun? There had been a faint preliminary, an almost soundless voice speaking a single word. Perhaps if he projected it, it would trigger a response. Pitching his voice in the same key and intensity he projected the word as best he could remember it.

And the voice began again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kworn quivered with excitement. Something outside the artefact was forcing it to speak. He was certain of it. As certain as he was that the artefact was recording himself and his offspring. But who--or what--was receiving the record? And why?

This could be a fascinating speculation, Kworn thought. But there would be time enough for that later. His immediate need was to get out. Already the food supply was running low, and his offspring was becoming enormous. He'd have to leave soon if he was ever going to. And he'd

have to do something about his own growth. Already it was reaching dangerous levels. He was on the ragged edge of another reproduction, and he couldn't afford it.

Regretfully, he began moving the cornified cells of his mantle and his under layer toward his inner surfaces, arranging them in a protective layer around his germ plasm and absorptive cells. There would be enough surface absorption to take care of his maintenance needs, and his body could retain its peak of cellular energy. Yet the desire to feed and bud was almost overpowering. His body screamed at him for denying it the right that food would give it, but Kworn resisted the demands of his flesh until the frantic cellular urges passed.

Beside him his offspring pulsed with physical sensation. Kworn envied it even as he pitied it. The poor mindless thing could be used as a means to the end of his escape, but it was useless for anything else. It was far too large, and far too stupid, to survive in the outside world. Kworn extruded a net of hairlike pseudopods and swept the tank in which they lay. It was featureless, save for a hole where the filament had not completely withdrawn when it had pulled him into this place. A few places in the wall had a different texture than the others, probably the sense organs of the recorder. He rippled with satisfaction. There was a grille of poison metal in the top of the tank through which flowed a steady current of warm air. It would be pleasant to investigate this further, Kworn thought, but there was no time. His offspring had seen to that.

He placed his eye on a thin pseudopod and thrust it through the hole in the wall of the tank. It was still night outside, but a faint line of brightness along the horizon indicated the coming of dawn. The artefact glittered icily beneath him, and he had a feeling of giddiness as he looked down the vertiginous drop to the disc below. The dark blotch of Caada's burned body was almost invisible against the faintly gleaming loom of the still-warm disc. Kworn shuddered. Caada hadn't deserved a death like that. Kworn looked down, estimating the chances with his new intelligence, and then slapped a thick communication fibril against his offspring's quivering flesh and hurled a projection at its recoiling mass.

Considering the fact that its cells were direct derivations of his own, Kworn thought grimly, it was surprising how hard it was to establish control. The youngster had developed a surprising amount of individuality in its few xals of free existence. He felt a surge of thankfulness to the old Ul Kworn as the youngster yielded to his firm projection. His precursor had always sought compliant germ plasm to produce what he had called "discipline and order." It was, in fact, weakness. It was detrimental to survival. But right now that weakness was essential.

\* \* \* \* \*

Under the probing lash of his projection the infant extruded a thick mass of tissue that met and interlocked with a similar mass of his own. As soon as the contact firmed, Kworn began flowing toward his eye, which was still in the half-open hole in the side of the tank.

The outside cold struck his sense centers with spicules of ice as he flowed to the outside, clinging to his offspring's gradually extending pseudopod. Slowly he dropped below the cylinder. The infant was frantic. It disliked the cold and struggled to break free, but Kworn clung limpetlike to his offspring's flesh as it twisted and writhed in an effort to return to the warmth and comfort into which it was born.

"Let go!" his offspring screamed. "I don't like this place."

"In a moment," Kworn said as he turned the vague writhings into a swinging pendulum motion. "Help me move back and forth."

"I can't. I'm cold. I hurt. Let me go!"

"Help me," Kworn ordered grimly, "or hang out here and freeze."

His offspring shuddered and twitched. The momentum of the swing increased. Kworn tightened his grip.

"You promised to let go!" his offspring wailed. "You prom--"

The infant's projection was cut off as Kworn loosed himself at the upward arc of the swing, spread his mantle and plummeted toward the ground. Fear swept through him as his body curved through the thin air, missing the edge of the disc and landing on the ground with a sense-jarring thud. Behind and above him up against the cylinder, the thick tendril of his offspring's flesh withdrew quickly from sight. For a moment the UI Kworn's gaze remained riveted on the row of odd markings on the metal surface, and then he turned his attention to life.

There was no reason to waste the pain of regret upon that half sentient mass of tissue that was his offspring. The stupid flesh of his flesh would remain happy in the darkness with the dwindling food until its flesh grew great enough to touch the poison metal in the ceiling of the tank.

And then--

With a harsh projection of horror, the UI Kworn moved, circling the artefact on Caada's vacated strip. And as he moved he concentrated

energy into his high-level communication organs, and projected a warning of danger.

"Move!" he screamed. "Move forward for your lives!"

The line rippled. Reddish mantles unfolded as the Folk reacted. The nearest, shocked from estivation, were in motion even before they came to full awareness. Alarms like this weren't given without reason.

Varsi's reaction, Kworn noted, was faster than any of his fellows. The young UI had some favorable self-preservation characteristics. He'd have to consider sharing some germ plasm with him at the next reproduction season, after all.

In a giant arc, the Folk pressed forward under the white glow of emerging dawn. Behind them the artefact began to project again in its strange tongue. But in mid-cry it stopped abruptly. And from it came a wail of mindless agony that tore at Kworn's mind with regret more bitter because nothing could be done about it.

His offspring had touched the poison metal.

Kworn turned his eye backwards. The artefact was shaking on its broad base from the violence of his offspring's tortured writhings. As he watched a brilliant burst of light flared from its top. Heat swept across the land, searing the lichens and a scattered few of the Folk too slow to escape. The giant structure burned with a light more brilliant than the sun and left behind a great cloud of white vapor that hung on the air like the menacing cloud of a samshin. Beneath the cloud the land was bare save for a few twisted pieces of smoking metal.

The roadblock was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kworn moved slowly forward, gleaning Caada's strip and half of his own which he shared with Varsi.

He would need that young UI in the future. It was well to place him under an obligation. The new thoughts and old memories weren't dying. They remained, and were focused upon the idea of living better than at this subsistence level. It should be possible to grow lichens, and breed a more prolific type of lichen feeder. r channeled from the canals would stimulate lichen growth a thousand-fold. And with a more abundant food supply, perhaps some of the Folk could be stimulated to think and apply ancient buried skills to circumvent Nature.

It was theoretically possible. The new breed would have to be like



Varsi, tough, driving and selfishly independent. In time they might inherit the world. Civilization could arise again. It was not impossible.

His thoughts turned briefly back to the artefact. It still bothered him. He still knew far too little about it. It was a fascinating speculation to dream of what it might have been. At any rate, one thing was sure. It was not a structure of his race. If nothing else, those cabalistic markings on the side of the cylinder were utterly alien.

Thoughtfully he traced them in the sand. What did they mean?

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# POETRY

from **Spoon River Anthology** by Edgar Lee Masters  
<https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/1280>

## *Jacob Goodpasture*

WHEN Fort Sumter fell and the war came  
I cried out in bitterness of soul:  
"O glorious republic now no more!"  
When they buried my soldier son  
To the call of trumpets and the sound of drums  
My heart broke beneath the weight  
Of eighty years, and I cried:  
"Oh, son who died in a cause unjust!  
In the strife of Freedom slain!"  
And I crept here under the grass.  
And now from the battlements of time, behold:  
Thrice thirty million souls being bound together  
In the love of larger truth,  
Rapt in the expectation of the birth  
Of a new Beauty,  
Sprung from Brotherhood and Wisdom.  
I with eyes of spirit see the Transfiguration  
Before you see it.  
But ye infinite brood of golden eagles nesting ever higher,  
Wheeling ever higher, the sun-light wooing  
Of lofty places of Thought,  
Forgive the blindness of the departed owl.

## *Dorcas Gustine*

I WAS not beloved of the villagers,  
But all because I spoke my mind,  
And met those who transgressed against me  
With plain remonstrance, hiding nor nurturing  
Nor secret griefs nor grudges.  
That act of the Spartan boy is greatly praised,  
Who hid the wolf under his cloak,  
Letting it devour him, uncomplainingly.  
It is braver, I think, to snatch the wolf forth  
And fight him openly, even in the street,  
Amid dust and howls of pain.  
The tongue may be an unruly member--

But silence poisons the soul.  
Berate me who will--I am content.

*Nicholas Bindle*

Were you not ashamed, fellow citizens,  
When my estate was probated and everyone knew  
How small a fortune I left?--  
You who hounded me in life,  
To give, give, give to the churches, to the poor,  
To the village!--me who had already given much.  
And think you not I did not know  
That the pipe-organ, which I gave to the church,  
Played its christening songs when Deacon Rhodes,  
Who broke and all but ruined me,  
Worshipped for the first time after his acquittal?

*Harold Arnett*

I LEANED against the mantel, sick, sick,  
Thinking of my failure, looking into the abysm,  
Weak from the noon-day heat.  
A church bell sounded mournfully far away,  
I heard the cry of a baby,  
And the coughing of John Yarnell,  
Bed-ridden, feverish, feverish, dying,  
Then the violent voice of my wife:  
"Watch out, the potatoes are burning!"  
I smelled them . . . then there was irresistible disgust.  
I pulled the trigger . . . blackness . . . light . . .  
Unspeakable regret . . . fumbling for the world again.  
Too late! Thus I came here,  
With lungs for breathing . . . one cannot breathe here with lungs,  
Though one must breathe  
Of what use is it To rid one's self of the world,  
When no soul may ever escape the eternal destiny of life?

*Margaret Fuller Slack*

I WOULD have been as great as George Eliot  
But for an untoward fate.  
For look at the photograph of me made by Penniwit,

Chin resting on hand, and deep--set eyes--  
Gray, too, and far-searching.  
But there was the old, old problem:  
Should it be celibacy, matrimony or unchastity?  
Then John Slack, the rich druggist, wooed me,  
Luring me with the promise of leisure for my novel,  
And I married him, giving birth to eight children,  
And had no time to write.  
It was all over with me, anyway,  
When I ran the needle in my hand  
While washing the baby's things,  
And died from lock--jaw, an ironical death.  
Hear me, ambitious souls,  
Sex is the curse of life.

*George Trimble*

Do you remember when I stood on the steps  
Of the Court House and talked free-silver,  
And the single-tax of Henry George?  
Then do you remember that, when the Peerless Leader  
Lost the first battle, I began to talk prohibition,  
And became active in the church?  
That was due to my wife,  
Who pictured to me my destruction  
If I did not prove my morality to the people.  
Well, she ruined me:  
For the radicals grew suspicious of me,  
And the conservatives were never sure of me--  
And here I lie, unwept of all.

*"Ace" Shaw*

I NEVER saw any difference  
Between playing cards for money  
And selling real estate,  
Practicing law, banking, or anything else.  
For everything is chance.  
Nevertheless  
Seest thou a man diligent in business?  
He shall stand before Kings!

---

from **Love Songs** by Sara Teasdale  
<https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/442>

*The Look*

Strephon kissed me in the spring,  
Robin in the fall,  
But Colin only looked at me  
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,  
Robin's lost in play,  
But the kiss in Colin's eyes  
Haunts me night and day.

*A Winter Night*

My window-pane is starred with frost,  
The world is bitter cold to-night,  
The moon is cruel, and the wind  
Is like a two-edged sword to smite.

God pity all the homeless ones,  
The beggars pacing to and fro,  
God pity all the poor to-night  
Who walk the lamp-lit streets of snow.

My room is like a bit of June,  
Warm and close-curtained fold on fold,  
But somewhere, like a homeless child,  
My heart is crying in the cold.

*A Cry*

Oh, there are eyes that he can see,  
And hands to make his hands rejoice,  
But to my lover I must be  
Only a voice.

Oh, there are breasts to bear his head,  
And lips whereon his lips can lie,  
But I must be till I am dead  
Only a cry.

### *Gifts*

I gave my first love laughter,  
I gave my second tears,  
I gave my third love silence  
Through all the years.

My first love gave me singing,  
My second eyes to see,  
But oh, it was my third love  
Who gave my soul to me.

### *But Not to Me*

The April night is still and sweet  
With flowers on every tree;  
Peace comes to them on quiet feet,  
But not to me.

My peace is hidden in his breast  
Where I shall never be;  
Love comes to-night to all the rest,  
But not to me.

### *Song at Capri*

When beauty grows too great to bear  
How shall I ease me of its ache,  
For beauty more than bitterness  
Makes the heart break.

Now while I watch the dreaming sea  
With isles like flowers against her breast,  
Only one voice in all the world  
Could give me rest.

*Child, Child*

Child, child, love while you can  
The voice and the eyes and the soul of a man;  
Never fear though it break your heart--  
Out of the wound new joy will start;  
Only love proudly and gladly and well,  
Though love be heaven or love be hell.

Child, child, love while you may,  
For life is short as a happy day;  
Never fear the thing you feel--  
Only by love is life made real;  
Love, for the deadly sins are seven,  
Only through love will you enter heaven.

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# NON-FICTION

from **Wild Flowers Worth Knowing** by Neltje Blanchan

<https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/8866>

WOOD-SORREL FAMILY \_(Oxalidaceae)\_

White or True Wood-sorrel; Alleluia

\_Oxalis acetosella\_

\_Flowers\_--White or delicate pink, veined with deep pink, about 1/2 in. long. Five sepals; 5 spreading petals rounded at tips; 10 stamens, 5 longer, 5 shorter, all anther-bearing; 1 pistil with 5 stigmatic styles.

\_Scape:\_ Slender, leafless, 1-flowered, 2 to 5 in. high. \_Leaf:\_ Clover-like, of 3 leaflets, on long petioles from scaly, creeping rootstock.

\_Preferred Habitat\_--Cold, damp woods.

\_Flowering Season\_--May-July.

\_Distribution\_--Nova Scotia and Manitoba, southward to North Carolina. Also a native of Europe.

Clumps of these delicate little pinkish blossoms and abundant leaves, cuddled close to the cold earth of northern forests, usually conceal near the dry leaves or moss from which they spring blind flowers that never open--cleistogamous the botanists call them--flowers that lack petals, as if they were immature buds; that lack odor, nectar, and entrance; yet they are perfectly mature, self-fertilized, and abundantly fruitful. Fifty-five genera of plants contain one or more species on which these peculiar products are found, the pea family having more than any other, although violets offer perhaps the most familiar instance to most of us. Many of these species bury their offspring below ground; but the wood-sorrel bears its blind flowers nodding from the top of a curved scape at the base of the plant, where we can readily find them. By having no petals, and other features assumed by an ordinary flower to attract insects, and chiefly in saving pollen, they produce seed with literally the closest economy. It is estimated that the average blind flower of the wood-sorrel does its work with four hundred pollen grains, while the prodigal peony scatters with the help of wind and insect visitors more than three and a half millions!

As self-fertilization is impossible, the showy blossoms of the



wood-sorrel are a necessity not a luxury; for the insects must not be allowed to overlook them.

Every child knows how the wood-sorrel "goes to sleep" by drooping its three leaflets until they touch back to back at evening, regaining the horizontal at sunrise--a performance most scientists now agree protects the peculiarly sensitive leaf from cold by radiation. During the day as well, seedling, scape, and leaves go through some interesting movements, closely followed by Darwin in his "Power of Movement in Plants," which should be read by all interested.

\_Oxalis\_, the Greek for sour, applies to all sorrels because of their acid juice; but \_acetosella\_ = vinegar salt, the specific name of this plant, indicates that from it druggists obtain salt of lemons. Twenty pounds of leaves yield between two and three ounces of oxalic acid by crystallization. Names locally given the plant in the Old World are wood sour or sower, cuckoo's meat, sour trefoil, and shamrock--for this is St. Patrick's own flower, the true shamrock of the ancient Irish, some claim. Alleluia, another folk-name, refers to the joyousness of the Easter season, when the plant comes into bloom in England.

#### Violet Wood-sorrel

\_Oxalis violacea\_

\_Flowers\_ --Pinkish purple, lavender, or pale magenta; less than 1 in. long; borne on slender stems in umbels or forking clusters, each containing from 3 to 12 flowers. Calyx of 5 obtuse sepals; 5 petals; 10 (5 longer, 5 shorter) stamens; 5 styles persistent above 5-celled ovary. \_Stem:\_ From brownish, scaly bulb 4 to 9 in. high. \_Leaves:\_ About 1 in. wide, compounded of 3 rounded, clover-like leaflets with prominent midrib borne at end of slender petioles, springing from root.

\_Preferred Habitat\_ --Rocky and sandy woods.

\_Flowering Season\_ --May-June.

\_Distribution\_ --Northern United States to Rocky Mountains, south to Florida and New Mexico; more abundant southward.

Beauty of leaf and blossom is not the only attraction possessed by this charming little plant. As a family the wood-sorrels have great interest for botanists since Darwin devoted such exhaustive study to their power of movement, and many other scientists have described the several forms assumed by perfect flowers of the same species to secure cross-fertilization. Some members of the clan also bear blind flowers, which have been described in the account of the white wood-sorrel. Even

the rudimentary leaves of the seedlings "go to sleep" at evening, and during the day are in constant movement up and down. The stems, too, are restless; and as for the mature leaves, every child knows how they droop their three leaflets back to back against the stem at evening, elevating them to the perfect horizontal again by day. Extreme sensitiveness to light has been thought to be the true explanation of so much activity, and yet this is not a satisfactory theory in many cases. It is certain that drooping leaves suffer far less from frost than those whose upper surfaces are flatly exposed to the zenith. This view that the sleep of leaves saves them from being chilled at night by radiation is Darwin's own, supported by innumerable experiments; and probably it would have been advanced by Linnaeus, too, since so many of his observations in "Somnus Plantarum" verify the theory, had the principle of radiation been discovered in his day.

#### GERANIUM FAMILY \_(Geraniaceae)\_

Wild or Spotted Geranium or Crane's-Bill; Alum-root

##### \_Geranium maculatum\_

\_Flowers\_ --Pale magenta, purplish pink, or lavender, regular, 1 to 1-1/2 in. broad, solitary or a pair, borne on elongated peduncles, generally with pair of leaves at their base. Calyx of 5 lapping, pointed sepals; 5 petals, woolly at base; 10 stamens; 1 pistil with 5 styles. \_Fruit:\_ A slender capsule pointed like a crane's bill. In maturity it ejects seeds elastically far from the parent plant. \_Stem:\_ 1 to 2 ft. high, hairy, slender, simple or branching above. \_Leaves:\_ Older ones sometimes spotted with white; basal ones 3 to 6 in. wide, 3 to 5 parted, variously cleft and toothed; 2 stem leaves opposite.

\_Preferred Habitat\_ --Open woods, thickets, and shady roadsides.

\_Flowering Season\_ --April-July.

\_Distribution\_ --Newfoundland to Georgia, and westward a thousand miles.

Sprengel, who was the first to exalt flowers above the level of mere botanical specimens, had his attention led to the intimate relationship existing between plants and insects by studying out the meaning of the hairy corolla of the common Wild Geranium of Germany \_(G. sylvaticum)\_, being convinced, as he wrote in 1787, that "the wise Author of Nature has not made even a single hair without a definite design." A hundred years before, Nehemias Grew had said that it was necessary for pollen to reach the stigma of a flower in order that it might set fertile seed;

and Linnaeus had to come to his aid with conclusive evidence to convince a doubting world that this was true. Sprengel made the next step forward, but his writings lay neglected over seventy years because he advanced the then incredible and only partially true statement that a flower is fertilized by insects which carry its pollen from its anthers to its stigma. In spite of his discoveries that the hairs inside the geranium's corolla protect its nectar from rain for the insect's benefit, just as eyebrows keep perspiration from falling into the eye; that most flowers which secrete nectar have what he termed "honey guides"--spots of bright color, heavy veining, or some such pathfinder on the petals--in spite of the most patient and scientific research that shed great light on natural selection a half-century before Darwin advanced the theory, he left it for the author of "The Origin of Species" to show that cross-fertilization--the transfer of pollen from one blossom to another, not from anthers to stigma of the same flower--is the great end to which so much marvellous mechanism is chiefly adapted. Cross-fertilized blossoms defeat self-fertilized flowers in the struggle for existence.

No wonder Sprengel's theory was disproved by his scornful contemporaries in the very case of his Wild Geranium, which sheds its pollen before it has developed a stigma to receive any; therefore no insect that had not brought pollen from an earlier bloom could possibly fertilize this flower. How amazing that he did not see this! Our common wild crane's-bill, which also has lost the power to fertilize itself, not only ripens first the outer, then the inner, row of anthers, but actually drops them off after their pollen has been removed, to overcome the barest chance of self-fertilization as the stigmas become receptive. This is the geranium's and many other flowers' method to compel cross-fertilization by insects. In cold, stormy, cloudy weather a geranium blossom may remain in the male stage several days before becoming female; while on a warm, sunny day, when plenty of insects are flying, the change sometimes takes place in a few hours. Among others, the common sulphur or puddle butterfly, that sits in swarms on muddy roads and makes the clover fields gay with its bright little wings, pilfers nectar from the geranium without bringing its long tongue in contact with the pollen. Neither do the smaller bees and flies which alight on the petals necessarily come in contact with the anthers and stigmas. Doubtless the larger bees are the flowers' true benefactors.

The so-called geraniums in cultivation are pelargoniums, strictly speaking.

Herb Robert; Red Robin; Red Shanks; Dragon's Blood

\_Geranium Robertianum\_

\_Flowers\_ --Purplish rose, about 1/2 in. across, borne chiefly in pairs on slender peduncles. Five sepals and petals; stamens 10; pistil with 5 styles. \_Stem\_: Weak, slender, much branched, forked, and spreading, slightly hairy, 6 to 18 in. high. \_Leaves\_: Strongly scented, opposite, thin, of 3 divisions, much subdivided and cleft. \_Fruit\_: Capsular, elastic, the beak 1 in. long, awn-pointed.

\_Preferred Habitat\_ --Rocky, moist woods and shady roadsides.

\_Flowering Season\_ --May-October.

\_Distribution\_ --Nova Scotia to Pennsylvania, and westward to Missouri.

Who was the Robert for whom this his "holy herb" was named? Many suppose that he was St. Robert, a Benedictine monk, to whom the twenty-ninth of April--the day the plant comes into flower in Europe--is dedicated. Others assert that Robert Duke of Normandy, for whom the "Ortus Sanitatis," a standard medical guide for some hundred of years, was written, is the man honored; and since there is now no way of deciding the mooted question, we may take our choice.

Only when the stems are young are they green; later the plant well earns the name of Red Shanks, and when its leaves show crimson stains, of Dragon's Blood.

At any time the herb gives forth a disagreeable odor, but especially when its leaves and stem have been crushed until they emit a resinous secretion once an alleged cure for the plague.

#### MILKWORT FAMILY \_ (Polygalaceae) \_

Fringed Milkwort or Polygala; Flowering Wintergreen; Gay Wings

\_Polygala paucifolia\_

\_Flowers\_ --Purplish rose, rarely white, showy, over 1/2 in. long, from 1 to 4 on short, slender peduncles from among upper leaves. Calyx of 5 unequal sepals, of which 2 are wing-like and highly colored like petals. Corolla irregular, its crest finely fringed; 6 stamens; 1 pistil. Also pale, pouch-like, cleistogamous flowers underground. \_Stem\_: Prostrate, 6 to 15 in. long, slender, from creeping rootstock, sending up flowering shoots 4 to 7 in. high. \_Leaves\_: Clustered at summit, oblong, or pointed egg-shaped, 1-1/2 in. long or less; those on lower part of shoots scale-like.

\_Preferred Habitat\_--Moist, rich woods, pine lands, light soil.

\_Flowering Season\_--May-July.

\_Distribution\_--Northern Canada, southward and westward to Georgia and Illinois.

Gay companies of these charming, bright little blossoms hidden away in the woods suggest a swarm of tiny mauve butterflies that have settled among the wintergreen leaves. Unlike the common milkwort and many of its kin that grow in clover-like heads, each one of the gay wings has beauty enough to stand alone. Its oddity of structure, its lovely color and enticing fringe, lead one to suspect it of extraordinary desire to woo some insect that will carry its pollen from blossom to blossom and so enable the plant to produce cross-fertilized seed to counteract the evil tendencies resulting from the more prolific self-fertilized cleistogamous flowers buried in the ground below.

Common, Field, or Purple Milkwort; Purple Polygala

\_Polygala sanguinea (P. viridescens)\_

\_Flowers\_--Numerous, very small, variable; bright magenta pink, or almost red, or pale to whiteness, or greenish, clustered in a globular clover-like head, gradually lengthening to a cylindric spike. \_Stem\_: 6 to 15 in. high, smooth, branched above, leafy. \_Leaves\_: Alternate, narrowly oblong, entire.

\_Preferred Habitat\_--Fields and meadows, moist or sandy.

\_Flowering Season\_--June-September.

\_Distribution\_--Southern Canada to North Carolina, westward to the Mississippi.

When these bright clover-like heads and the inconspicuous greenish ones grow together, the difference between them is so striking it is no wonder Linnaeus thought they were borne by two distinct species, \_Sanguinea\_ and \_viridescens\_, whereas they are now known to be merely two forms of the same flower. At first glance one might mistake the irregular little blossom for a member of the pea family; two of the five very unequal sepals--not petals--are colored wings. These bright-hued calyx-parts overlap around the flower-head like tiles on a roof. Within each pair of wings are three petals united into a tube, split on the back, to expose the vital organs to contact with the bee, the milkwort's best friend.

Plants of this genus were named polygala, the Greek for much milk, not because they have milky juice--for it is bitter and clear--but because feeding on them is supposed to increase the flow of cattle's milk.

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from

**Simple Italian Cookery** by Mabel Earl McGinnis

<https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/6385>

#### SICILIAN MACARONI WITH EGGPLANT

Slice one eggplant and put it under a weighted plate to extract the bitter juices. Then fry the slices delicately in lard. Make a ragout of chickens' hearts and livers as follows: Put two tablespoons of butter into a saucepan, fry the hearts and livers, and when cooked add two tablespoons of tomato paste, thinned with hot water (or a corresponding amount of tomato sauce). Cook for fifteen minutes.

Prepare three-quarters of a pound of macaroni, boiled and drained, then put it into the saucepan with the hearts and livers, add the eggplant and three tablespoons of grated Parmesan cheese. Mix well together and serve.

#### VERMICELLI WITH OLIVE-OIL AND ANCHOVIES

Take one-half pound of vermicelli, boil in salted water and drain. While boiling put into a saucepan three anchovies, cut up fine, with four tablespoons of olive-oil. Fry the anchovies in the oil, then put the vermicelli into the saucepan, mix well for a few moments on the fire, then serve.

#### VERMICELLI WITH OLIVE-OIL, OLIVES, CAPERS, AND ANCHOVIES

Take one-half pound of vermicelli and cover it well with salted water. Cook for about ten minutes. While it is boiling put into a saucepan four tablespoons of olive-oil, three anchovies cut up fine with six olives (ripe ones preferable) and one-half tablespoon of capers. When these are fried add the vermicelli (well drained), mix well, and put the saucepan at the back of the stove. Turn the vermicelli over with a fork every few minutes until it is thoroughly cooked.

#### VERMICELLI WITH FISH

Boil one-half pound of vermicelli in salted water, drain, and mix with two tablespoons of olive-oil and a little chopped-up parsley. Then set to one side to get cool.

Take five smelts, split them, take out the bones, and fry them slightly in one teaspoon of olive-oil.

Butter a pan and sprinkle it with bread crumbs. Then put into it one-half of the cold vermicelli. Pour over this some thick tomato sauce (one tablespoon of tomato paste cooked in two tablespoons of olive-oil). Then put in the smelts cut in two, some anchovy, a few capers, and three or four ripe olives chopped up with one mushroom. Then add the rest of the tomato sauce, then the other half of the vermicelli, and on top a layer of bread crumbs. Season all well with salt and pepper. Put the pan into a moderate oven, and cook about an hour and a quarter, adding a little olive-oil when necessary, so that it will not dry up too much.

Any fish may be used instead of the smelts, cutting it into thin strips.

#### SPAGHETTI WITH TUNNY-FISH

While one-half pound of spaghetti is boiling in salted water prepare the following: Take two ounces of tunny-fish and cut them into small pieces. Put them into a saucepan and fry them in their own oil. This oil is generally sufficient, but should it not be, add another tablespoon of olive-oil. When the tunny have been fried add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and four tomatoes, peeled and the seeds removed, and a pinch of pepper. Let the tomatoes cook thoroughly. When they are cooked put the spaghetti into the saucepan and move them about with a fork and spoon until they are thoroughly mixed with the sauce and the tunny. Then serve.

#### TIMBALE OF VERMICELLI WITH TOMATOES (\_Neapolitan Receipt\_)

Take ten medium-sized fresh tomatoes and cut them in two crosswise. Put a layer of these into a baking-dish with the liquid side touching the bottom of the dish. Now put another layer with the liquid side up, sprinkle on salt and pepper. Break the raw vermicelli the length of the baking-dish and put a layer of it on top of the tomatoes. Now add another layer of the tomatoes, with the skin side touching the vermicelli, a second layer with the liquid side up, salt and pepper, and another layer of the raw vermicelli, and so on, the top layer being of tomatoes with their liquid side touching the vermicelli. Heat three or four tablespoons of good lard (or butter), and when the lard boils pour it over the tomatoes and vermicelli; then put the dish into the oven and cook until the vermicelli is thoroughly done. After cooling a little while, turn it out into a platter.



## RICE WITH PEAS

1/2 cup of rice  
Grated Parmesan cheese  
2 tablespoons of butter  
1 small onion

Chop the onion up fine and put it into the saucepan with one-half the butter (one tablespoon). Cook until the onion is brown, then pour on the rice (raw) and fry until the rice is dry. Then add hot water, a ladleful at a time, taking care not to let the rice boil too hard, as it will then become hard in the middle and floury around the edges. When the rice is cooked, put the saucepan at the back of the stove, and add the rest of the butter. Before taking off the stove add a little grated Parmesan cheese and the peas, which have been prepared as follows:

Take a small piece of ham fat, one-half small onion, and some parsley. Chop together fine, add three tablespoons of olive-oil, salt and pepper, and put into a saucepan on the fire. When the onion is colored add one can of green peas (or fresh peas, according to season). When the peas have absorbed all the olive-oil add a sufficient quantity of broth to cover them (or water) and cook until peas are soft. Then mix the peas with the rice, add one tablespoon of Parmesan cheese, and serve.

## RICE "ALLA ROMANA" ( \_Risotto alla Romana\_ )

A small piece of ham fat  
1 stalk of celery  
Parsley  
1 onion  
2 mushrooms canned, or 1 fresh mushroom  
1/3 pound of lean beef

Chop these ingredients together and put them into a large saucepan with a small piece of butter. Cook until the meat is well browned. Then add one tablespoon of red or white wine. Cook for a few minutes, then add one tablespoon of tomato paste dissolved in a little hot water, or two and one-half tablespoons of the other tomato sauce. Cook well, adding from time to time a little water--one-half cup in all. Wash the rice (a little less than a cupful), add it to the other ingredients in the saucepan, and cook for about twenty minutes, until the rice is soft, adding more water from time to time. Then add two tablespoons of grated Parmesan cheese, mix well, and serve, with more cheese if desired.

## RISOTTO "ALLA NOSTRALE"

Take a small piece of onion, slice into small bits, and put into a saucepan with two tablespoons of butter. Cook until onion is browned.

Wash well one-half cup of rice. Put it into the saucepan with the onion, add salt and pepper, and fry until the rice is dry. Then take one and one-half tablespoons of tomato paste, thinned with hot water (or two tablespoons of other tomato sauce), and add to the rice. Little by little add hot water until the rice is cooked through (about one cup of hot water). Then add grated cheese, Parmesan or Gruyere, one and one-half tablespoons of butter, and mix well over the fire, then serve.

This rice can be served alone or with fried sausages, or with cold chicken, or any left-over meat prepared in the following manner:

Take one and one-half tablespoons of butter in a saucepan. Cut the cold meat into slices, and add them to the butter. Fry well, then take one and one-half tablespoons of tomato paste, thinned in water (or three tablespoons tomato sauce). Add to the meat a little at a time. Simmer for one-half hour, then put into the middle of hot platter, surrounded by rice, and pour this sauce over all. Add a handful of grated Parmesan cheese to the rice.

This preparation of meat can be served with macaroni or corn-meal instead of the rice.

## RICE WITH BUTTER AND CHEESE ( \_Riso in Bianco\_ )

Take one-half cup of rice. Boil in salted water. After twenty minutes of boiling take off the fire and drain. Then put the rice back into a saucepan with three tablespoons of grated cheese (Parmesan) and three tablespoons of butter. Mix well and serve as an entree, or around a plate of meat..

## RICE WITH TOMATOES

Boil a cup of rice soft in hot water. Shake it now and then, but do not stir it. Drain it, add a little milk in which a beaten egg has been mixed, one teaspoon of butter, and a little pepper and salt. Simmer for five minutes, and if the rice has not absorbed all the milk, drain it again. Put the rice around a dish, smooth it into a

wall, wash it over with the yolk of a beaten egg, and put it into the oven until firm. Take the strained juice and pulp of seven or eight tomatoes, season with pepper, a little salt and sugar, and one-half of a chopped-up onion; stew for twenty minutes, then stir in one tablespoon of butter and two tablespoons of fine bread crumbs. Stew three or four minutes to thicken, and then pour the tomatoes into the dish, in the middle of the rice, and serve.

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# DRAMA

**The Merchant of Venice** by William Shakespeare

<https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/2243>

Actus primus.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

    Anthonio. In sooth I know not why I am so sad,  
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,  
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of  
mee,  
That I haue much ado to know my selfe

    Sal. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,  
There where your Argosies with portly saile  
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,  
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,  
Do ouer-peere the pettie Traffiquers  
That curtsie to them, do them reuerence  
As they flye by them with their wouen wings

    Salar. Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth,  
The better part of my affections, would  
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grasse to know where sits the winde,  
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:  
And euery object that might make me feare  
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt  
Would make me sad

    Sal. My winde cooling my broth,  
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought  
What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.  
I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,  
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats,  
And see my wealthy Andrew docks in sand,  
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs  
To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,  
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side  
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,  
Enrobe the roring waters with my silkes,

And in a word, but euen now worth this,  
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought  
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought  
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?  
But tell me, I know Anthonio  
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,  
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,  
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:  
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad

Sola. Why then you are in loue

Anth. Fie, fie

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad  
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easie  
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry  
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Ianus,  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time:  
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,  
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.  
And other of such vineger aspect,  
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,  
Though Nestor sweare the iest be laughable.  
Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes Bassanio,  
Your most noble Kinsman,  
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Faryewell,  
We leaue you now with better company

Sala. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,  
If worthier friends had not preuented me

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.  
I take it your owne busines calls on you,  
And you embrace th' occasion to depart

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?  
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt. Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you haue found Anthonio  
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time  
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete

Bass. I will not faile you

Grat. You looke not well signior Anthonio,  
You haue too much respect vpon the world:  
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,  
Beleeue me you are maruellously chang'd

Ant. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano,  
A stage, where euery man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one

Grati. Let me play the foole,  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,  
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,  
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.  
Why should a man whose bloud is warme within,  
Sit like his Grandsire, cut in Alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the laundies  
By being peeuish? I tell thee what Anthonio,  
I loue thee, and it is my loue that speakes:  
There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do creame and mantle like a standing pond,  
And do a wilfull stilnesse entertaine,  
With purpose to be drest in an opinion  
Of wisdom, grauity, profound conceit,  
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.  
O my Anthonio, I do know of these  
That therefore onely are reputed wise,  
For saying nothing; when I am verie sure  
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares  
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:  
Ile tell thee more of this another time.  
But fish not with this melancholly baite  
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:  
Come good Lorenzo, faryewell a while,  
Ile end my exhortation after dinner

Lor. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.  
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men.  
For Gratiano neuer let's me speake

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue

Ant. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare

Gra. Thankes ifaith, for silence is onely commendable  
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible.  
Enter.

Ant. It is that any thing now

Bas. Gratiano speakes an infinite deale of nothing,  
more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two  
graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall  
seeke all day ere you finde them, & when you haue them  
they are not worth the search

An. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the same  
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage  
That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

Bas. Tis not vnknowne to you Anthonio  
How much I haue disabled mine estate,  
By something shewing a more swelling port  
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:  
Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care  
Is to come fairely off from the great debts  
Wherein my time something too prodigall  
Hath left me gag'd: to you Anthonio  
I owe the most in money, and in loue,  
And from your loue I haue a warrantie  
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes,  
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe

An. I pray you good Bassanio let me know it,  
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd  
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes  
Lye all vnlock'd to your occasions

Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft  
I shot his fellow of the selfesame flight  
The selfesame way, with more aduised watch  
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,  
I oft found both. I vrge this child-hoode prooffe,  
Because what followes is pure innocence.  
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,  
That which I owe is lost: but if you please  
To shoote another arrow that selfe way

Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both,  
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,  
And thankfully rest debter for the first

An. You know me well, and herein spend but time  
To winde about my loue with circumstance,  
And out of doubt you doe more wrong  
In making question of my vttermost  
Then if you had made waste of all I haue:  
Then doe but say to me what I should doe  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake

Bass. In Belmont is a Lady richly left,  
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,  
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes  
I did receiue faire speechlesse messages:  
Her name is Portia, nothing vnderallewd  
To Cato's daughter, Brutus Portia,  
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,  
For the four windes blow in from euery coast  
Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,  
Which makes her seat of Belmont Cholchos strond,  
And many Iasons come in quest of her.  
O my Anthonio, had I but the meanes  
To hold a riual place with one of them,  
I haue a minde presages me such thrift,  
That I should questionlesse be fortunate

Anth. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,  
Neither haue I money, nor commodity  
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth  
Try what my credit can in Venice doe,  
That shall be rackt euen to the vttermost,  
To furnish thee to Belmont to faire Portia.  
Goe presently enquire, and so will I  
Where money is, and I no question make  
To haue it of my trust, or for my sake.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth Nerrissa, my little body is a wearie  
of this great world



Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I see, they are as sicke that surfet with too much, as they that starue with nothing; it is no smal happinesse therefore to bee seated in the meane, superfluitie comes sooner by white haire, but competencie liues longer

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd

Ner. They would be better if well followed

Portia. If to doe were as easie as to know what were good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Diuine that followes his owne instructions; I can easier teach twentie what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore the meshes of good counsaile the cripple; but this reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O mee, the word choose, I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the wil of a liuing daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard Nerrissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the lotterie that hee hath deuised in these three chests of gold, siluer, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you, wil no doubt neuer be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly loue: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely suters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description leuell at my affection

Ner. First there is the Neopolitane Prince

Por. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horse, and hee makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can shoo him himselfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid false with a Smyth

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, and you will not haue me, choose: he heares merrie tales and smiles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping Phylosopher when he growes old, being so full of vnmanly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of these: God defend me from these two

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounsier Le Boune?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Trassell sing, he fals straight a capring, he will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twentie husbands: if hee would despise me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madnesse, I should neuer requite him

Ner. What say you then to Fauconbridge, the yong Baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for hee vnderstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the Court & sweare that I haue a poore pennie-worth in the English: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerse with a dumbe show? how odly he is suited, I thinke he bought his doublet in Italie, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behauiour euery where

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the Frenchman became his suretie, and seald vnder for another

Ner. How like you the yong Germaine, the Duke of Saxonies Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when hee is sober, and most vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst, he is little better then a beast: and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe glasse of Reinish-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing Nerrissa ere I will be married to a sponge

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the hauing any of these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more suite, vnlesse you may be won by some other sort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets

Por. If I liue to be as olde as Sibilla, I will dye as chaste as Diana: vnlesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie absence: and I wish them a faire departure

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a Venecian, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in companie of the Marquesse of Mountferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, as I thinke, so was hee call'd

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the best deseruing a faire Lady

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.  
Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The four Strangers seeke you Madam to take their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of Moroco, who brings word the Prince his Maister will be here to night

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee should shriue me then wiue me. Come Nerrissa, sirra go before; whiles wee shut the gate vpon one wooer, another

knocks at the doore.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thousand ducates, well

Bass. I sir, for three months

Shy. For three months, well

Bass. For the which, as I told you,  
Anthonio shall be bound

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound, well

Bass. May you stee me? Will you pleasure me?  
Shall I know your answer

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months,  
and Anthonio bound

Bass. Your answer to that

Shy. Anthonio is a good man

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a  
good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient,  
yet his means are in supposition: he hath an Argosie  
bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I understand  
moreover upon the Rialta, he hath a third at Mexico,  
a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath  
squandered abroad, but ships are but boards, Sailors but  
men, there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves,  
and land thieves, I mean Pyrats, and then there is the  
perill of waters, winds, and rocks: the man is not withstanding  
sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may  
take his bond

Bas. Be assured you may

Iew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured,  
I will bethinke mee, may I speake with Anthonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation  
which your Prophet the Nazarite coniured the diuell  
into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with  
you, walke with you, and so following: but I will  
not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you.  
What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?  
Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio

Iew. How like a fawning publican he looks.  
I hate him for he is a Christian:  
But more, for that in low simplicitie  
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe  
The rate of vsance here with vs in Venice.  
If I can catch him once vpon the hip,  
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.  
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes  
Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate  
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,  
Which he cals interest: Cursed by my Trybe  
If I forgiue him

Bass. Shylock, doe you heare

Shy. I am debating of my present store,  
And by the neere gesse of my memorie  
I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse  
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?  
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe  
Will furnish me: but soft, how many months  
Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior,  
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes

Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow  
By taking, nor by giuing of excesse,  
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,  
Ile breake a custome: is he yet possest  
How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats

Ant. And for three months

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.  
Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,  
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow  
Vpon aduantage

Ant. I doe neuer vse it

Shy. When Iacob graz'd his vnclē Labans sheepe,  
This Iacob from our holy Abram was  
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalfe)  
The third possessor; I, he was the third

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say  
Directly interest, marke what Iacob did,  
When Laban and himselfe were compremyz'd  
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied  
Should fall as Iacobs hier, the Ewes being rancke,  
In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,  
And when the worke of generation was  
Betweene these woolly breeders in the act,  
The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands,  
And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,  
He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,  
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time  
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Iacobs.  
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:  
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not

Ant. This was a venture sir that Iacob seru'd for,  
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,  
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.  
Was this inserted to make interest good?  
Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,  
But note me signior

Ant. Marke you this Bassanio,  
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,  
An euill soule producing holy witnesse,  
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.  
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.  
Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate

Ant. Well Shylocke, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft  
In the Ryalto you haue rated me  
About my monies and my vsances:  
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,  
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)

You call me misbeleeeuer, cut-throate dog,  
And spet vpon my lewish gaberdine,  
And all for vse of that which is mine owne.  
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:  
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,  
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you say so:  
You that did voide your rume vpon my beard,  
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre  
Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your suite.  
What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
Hath a dog money? Is it possible  
A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or  
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key  
With bated breath, and whispering humblenesse,  
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;  
You spurn'd me such a day; another time  
You cald me dog: and for these curtesies  
Ile lend you thus much moneyes

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,  
To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.  
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take  
A breede of barraine mettall of his friend?  
But lend it rather to thine enemie,  
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face  
Exact the penalties

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,  
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,  
Forget the shames that you haue staine me with,  
Supplie your present wants, and take no doite  
Of vsance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,  
This is kinde I offer

Bass. This were kindnesse

Shy. This kindnesse will I showe,  
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there  
Your single bond, and in a merrie sport  
If you repaie me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum or sums as are  
Exprest in the condition, let the forfeite  
Be nominated for an equall pound  
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me

Ant. Content infaith, Ile seale to such a bond,

And say there is much kindnesse in the lew

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me,  
Ile rather dwell in my necessitie

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeite it,  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I doe expect returne  
Of thrice three times the valew of this bond

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,  
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others: Praie you tell me this,  
If he should breake his daie, what should I gaine  
By the exaction of the forfeiture?  
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither  
As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say  
To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship,  
If he will take it, so: if not adiew,  
And for my loue I praie you wrong me not

Ant. Yes Shylocke, I will seale vnto this bond

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,  
Giue him direction for this merrie bond,  
And I will goe and purse the ducats straite.  
See to my house left in the fearefull gard  
Of an vnthrifitie knaue: and presentlie  
Ile be with you.  
Enter.

Ant. Hie thee gentle lew. This Hebrew will turne  
Christian, he growes kinde

Bass. I like not faire tearmes, and a villaines minde

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismaie,  
My Shippes come home a month before the daie.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure  
followers  
accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, and their traine. Flo. Cornets.



Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadowed liuerie of the burnisht sunne,  
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature North-ward borne,  
Where Phoebus fire scarce thawes the ysicles,  
And let vs make incision for your loue,  
To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.  
I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine  
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)  
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme  
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,  
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene

Por. In tearmes of choise I am not solie led  
By nice direction of a maidens eies:  
Besides, the lottrie of my destenie  
Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing:  
But if my Father had not scanted me,  
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe  
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,  
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire  
As any commer I haue look'd on yet  
For my affection

Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,  
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets  
To trie my fortune: By this Symitare  
That slew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince  
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,  
I would ore-stare the sternest eies that looke:  
Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth:  
Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare,  
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray  
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while  
If Hercules and Lychas plaie at dice  
Which is the better man, the greater throw  
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:  
So is Alcides beaten by his rage,  
And so may I, blinde fortune leading me  
Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,  
And die with grieuing

Port. You must take your chance,  
And either not attempt to choose at all,  
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong  
Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward  
In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made

Mor. Good fortune then,

Cornets.

To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to run from this lew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, lobbe, Launcelet lobbe, good Launcelet, or good lobbe, or good Launcelet lobbe, vse your legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience saies no; take heede honest Launcelet, take heed honest lobbe, or as afore-said honest Launcelet lobbe, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most coragious fiend bids me packe, fia saies the fiend, away saies the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue minde saies the fiend, and run; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, saies verie wisely to me: my honest friend Launcelet, being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did something smack, something grow too; he had a kinde of taste; wel, my conscience saies Lancelet bouge not, bouge saies the fiend, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the lew my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the lew I should be ruled by the fiend, who sauing your reuerence is the diuell himselfe: certainly the lew is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the lew; the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbe with a Basket.

Gob. Maister yong-man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maister lewes?

Lan. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand-blinde, high grauel blinde, knows me not, I will trie confusions with him

Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to Maister lewes

Laun. Turne vpon your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectlie to the lewes house

Gob. Be Gods sonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one Launcelet that dwels with him dwell with him or no

Laun. Talke you of yong Master Launcelet, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Maister Launcelet?

Gob. No Maister sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to liue

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maister Launcelet

Gob. Your worships friend and Launcelet

Laun. But I praie you ergo old man, ergo I beseech you, talke you of yong Maister Launcelet

Gob. Of Launcelet, ant please your maistership

Lan. Ergo Maister Lancelet, talke not of maister Lancelet Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, & such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine tearmes, gone to heauen

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my verie prop

Lau. Do I look like a cudgell or a houell-post, a staffe or a prop: doe you know me Father

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule

aliue or dead

Lan. Doe you not know me Father

Gob. Alacke sir I am sand blinde, I know you not

Lan. Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, giue me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will out

Gob. Praie you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not Lancelet my boy

Lan. Praie you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am Lancelet your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne

Lan. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am Lancelet the lewes man, and I am sure Margerie your wife is my mother

Gob. Her name is Margerie indeede, Ile be sworne if thou be Lancelet, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbins my philhorse has on his taile

Lan. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I last saw him

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to run awaie, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground; my Maister's a verie lew, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister Bassanio, who indeede giues rare new Liuories, if I serue not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare

fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a  
lew if I serue the lew anie longer.  
Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that  
supper be readie at the farthest by fiue of the clocke:  
see these Letters deliuered, put the Liueries to making,  
and desire Gratiano to come anone to my lodging

Lan. To him Father

Gob. God blesse your worship

Bass. Gramercie, would'st thou ought with me

Gob. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy

Lan. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich lewes man that  
would sir as my Father shall specifie

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say  
to serue

Lan. Indeede the short and the long is, I serue the  
lew, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie

Gob. His Maister and he (sauing your worships reuerence)  
are scarce catercosins

Lan. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the lew  
hauing done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being  
I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you

Gob. I haue here a dish of Doues that I would bestow  
vpon your worship, and my suite is

Lan. In verie briefe, the suite is impertinent to my  
selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man,  
and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my  
Father

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you sir

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter sir

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite,  
Shylocke thy Maister spoke with me this daie,

And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment  
To leaue a rich lewes seruice, to become  
The follower of so poore a Gentleman

Clo. The old prouerbe is verie well parted betweene  
my Maister Shylocke and you sir, you haue the grace of  
God sir, and he hath enough

Bass. Thou speak'st well; go Father with thy Son,  
Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire  
My lodging out, giue him a Luerie  
More garded then his fellowes: see it done

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere  
a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in Italie haue a  
fairer table which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I  
shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line  
of life, here's a small trifle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues  
is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a simple  
comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning  
thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge  
of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune  
be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father  
come, Ile take my leaue of the lew in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I praie thee good Leonardo thinke on this,  
These things being bought and orderly bestowed  
Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night  
My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe

Leon. my best endeuors shall be done herein.

Exit Le.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maister

Leon. Yonder sir he walkes

Gra. Signior Bassanio

Bas. Gratiano

Gra. I haue a sute to you

Bass. You haue obtain'd it

Gra. You must not denie me, I must goe with you to Belmont

Bass. Why then you must: but heare thee Gratiano,  
Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce,  
Parts that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults;  
But where they are not knowne, why there they show  
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine  
To allay with some cold drops of modestie  
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behaiour  
I be misconsterd in the place I goe to,  
And loose my hopes

Gra. Signor Bassanio, heare me,  
If I doe not put on a sober habite,  
Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than,  
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,  
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes  
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen:  
Vse all the obseruance of ciuillitie  
Like one well studied in a sad ostent  
To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more

Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me  
By what we doe to night

Bas. No that were pittie,  
I would intreate you rather to put on  
Your boldest suite of mirth, for we haue friends  
That purpose merriment: but far you well,  
I haue some businesse

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest,  
But we will visite you at supper time.

Exeunt.

Enter Iessica and the Clowne.

Ies. I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so,  
Our house is hell, and thou a merrie diuell  
Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse;  
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,

And Lancelet, soone at supper shalt thou see  
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maisters guest,  
Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly,  
And so farewell: I would not haue my Father  
see me talke with thee

Clo. Aduē, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull  
Pagan, most sweete lew, if a Christian doe not play the  
knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, these  
foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit:  
adue.  
Enter.

Ies. Farewell good Lancelet.  
Alacke, what hainous sinne is it in me  
To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe,  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,  
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,  
Become a Christian, and thy louing wife.  
Enter.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time,  
Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre

Gra. We haue not made good preparation

Sal. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers

Sol. 'Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,  
And better in my minde not vndertooke

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres  
To furnish vs; friend Lancelet what's the newes.  
Enter Lancelet with a Letter.

Lan. And it shall please you to breake vp this, shall it  
seeme to signifie

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand  
And whiter then the paper it writ on,  
Is the faire hand that writ

Gra. Loue newes in faith



Lan. By your leaue sir

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Lan. Marry sir to bid my old Master the Iew to sup  
to night with my new Master the Christian

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle Iessica  
I will not faile her, speake it priuately:  
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to  
night,  
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer.

Exit. Clowne

Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it strait

Sol. And so will I

Lor. Meete me and Gratiano at Gratianos lodging  
Some houre hence

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.  
Enter.

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire Iessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed  
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,  
What gold and iewels she is furnisht with,  
What Pages suite she hath in readinesse:  
If ere the Iew her Father come to heauen,  
It will be for his gentle daughters sake;  
And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote,  
Vnlesse she doe it vnder this excuse,  
That she is issue to a faithlesse Iew:  
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,  
Faire Iessica shall be my Torch-bearer.  
Enter.

Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou shall see, thy eyes shall be thy iudge,  
The difference of old Shylocke and Bassanio;  
What Iessica, thou shalt not gurmandize  
As thou hast done with me: what Iessica?  
And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out.  
Why Iessica I say

Clo. Why Iessica

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call

Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me  
I could doe nothing without bidding.  
Enter lessica.

Ies. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper lessica,  
There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?  
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,  
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon  
The prodigall Christian. lessica my girle,  
Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe,  
There is some ill a bruining towards my rest,  
For I did dreame of money bags to night

Clo. I beseech you sir goe, my yong Master  
Doth expect your reproach

Shy. So doe I his

Clo. And they haue conspired together, I will not say  
you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for  
nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday  
last, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on  
ashwensday was foure yeere in th' afternoone

Shy. What are their maskes? heare you me lessica,  
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum  
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife,  
Clamber not you vp to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete  
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:  
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,  
Let not the sound of shallow fopperie enter  
My sober house. By Iacobs staffe I sweare,  
I haue no minde of feasting forth to night:  
But I will goe: goe you before me sirra,  
Say I will come

Clo. I will goe before sir,  
Mistris looke out at window for all this;  
There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a lewes eye

Shy. What saies that foole of Hagars off-spring?  
ha

Ies. His words were farewell mistris, nothing else

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:  
Snaile-slow in profit, but he sleepes by day  
More then the wilde-cat: drones hiue not with me,  
Therefore I part with him, and part with him  
To one that I would haue him helpe to waste  
His borrowed purse. Well lessica goe in,  
Perhaps I will returne immediately;  
Doe as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast binde, fast  
finde,  
A prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde.  
Enter.

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,  
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost.  
Enter.

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse vnder which Lorenzo  
Desired vs to make a stand

Sal. His houre is almost past

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwels his houre,  
For louers euer run before the clocke

Sal. O ten times faster Venus Pidgions flye  
To steale loues bonds new made, then they are wont  
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited

Gra. That euer holds, who riseth from a feast  
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?  
Where is the horse that doth vntread againe  
His tedious measures with the vnbated fire,  
That he did pace them first: all things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased then enioy'd.  
How like a yonger or a prodigall  
The skarfed barke puts from her natiue bay,  
Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:  
How like a prodigall doth she returne  
With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged sailes,  
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?  
Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes Lorenzo, more of this hereafter

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long abode,  
Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait;  
When you shall please to play the theeues for wiues  
Ile watch as long for you then: approach  
Here dwels my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?

Iessica aboue.

Iess. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,  
Albeit Ile sweare that I do know your tongue

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Loue

Ies. Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed,  
For who loue I so much? and now who knowes  
But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witness that thou  
art

Ies. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,  
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,  
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:  
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselues commit,  
For if they could, Cupid himselfe would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer

Ies. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?  
They in themselues goodsooth are too too light.  
Why, 'tis an office of discouery Loue,  
And I should be obscur'd

Lor. So you are sweet,  
Euen in the louely garnish of a boy: but come at once,  
For the close night doth play the run-away,  
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast

Ies. I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Iew

Lor. Beshrew me but I loue her heartily.  
For she is wise, if I can iudge of her.  
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,

And true she is, as she hath prou'd her selfe:  
And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.  
Enter Iessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,  
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay.  
Enter.

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?  
Gra. Signior Anthonio?  
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?  
'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,  
No maske to night, the winde is come about,  
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,  
I haue sent twenty out to seeke for you

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight  
Then to be vnder saile, and gone to night.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer  
The seuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:  
Now make your choyse

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,  
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.  
The second siluer, which this promise carries,  
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.  
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,  
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.  
How shall I know if I doe choose the right?  
How shall I know if I doe choose the right

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,  
If you choose that, then I am yours withall

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,  
I will suruay the inscriptions, backe againe:  
What saies this leaden casket?  
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.  
Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?  
This casket threatens men that hazard all

Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:  
 A golden minde stoopes not to showes of drosse,  
 Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.  
 What saies the Siluer with her virgin hue?  
 Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.  
 As much as he deserues; pause there Morocho,  
 And weigh thy value with an euen hand,  
 If thou beest rated by thy estimation  
 Thou doost deserue enough, and yet enough  
 May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:  
 And yet to be afeard of my deseruing,  
 Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.  
 As much as I deserue, why that's the Lady.  
 I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,  
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding:  
 But more then these, in loue I doe deserue.  
 What if I strai'd no farther, but chose here?  
 Let's see once more this saying grau'd in gold.  
 Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:  
 Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her:  
 From the foure corners of the earth they come  
 To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.  
 The Hircanion deserts, and the vaste wildes  
 Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now  
 For Princes to come view faire Portia.  
 The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head  
 Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre  
 To stop the forraine spirits, but they come  
 As ore a brooke to see faire Portia.  
 One of these three containes her heauenly picture.  
 Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation  
 To thinke so base a thought, it were too grose  
 To rib her searecloath in the obscure graue:  
 Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd  
 Being ten times vnderuallued to tride gold;  
 O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a lem  
 Was set in worse then gold! They haue in England  
 A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell  
 Stamp't in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:  
 But here an Angell in a golden bed  
 Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:  
 Here doe I choose, and thriue I as I may

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there  
 Then I am yours

Mor. O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death,  
 Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule;

Ile reade the writing.  
All that glisters is not gold,  
Often haue you heard that told;  
Many a man his life hath sold  
But my outside to behold;  
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:  
Had you beene as wise as bold,  
Yong in limbs, in iudgement old,  
Your answere had not beene inscroid,  
Fareyouwell, your suite is cold,  
Mor. Cold indeede, and labour lost,  
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:  
Portia adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart  
To take a tedious leaue: thus loosers part.  
Enter.

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:  
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

Exeunt.

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Flo. Cornets

Sal. Why man I saw Bassanio vnder sayle;  
With him is Gratiano gone along;  
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not

Sol. The villaine lew with outcries raisd the Duke.  
Who went with him to search Bassanios ship

Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vndersaile;  
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand  
That in a Gondilo were seene together  
Lorenzo and his amorous lessica.  
Besides, Anthonio certified the Duke  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship

Sol. I neuer heard a passion so confusd,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dogge lew did vtter in the streets;  
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,  
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!  
Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;  
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,  
Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,  
And iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,

Stolne by my daughter: iustice, finde the girle,  
She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,  
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats

Sol. Let good Anthonio looke he keepe his day  
Or he shall pay for this

Sal. Marry well remembred,  
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,  
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part  
The French and English, there miscaried  
A vessell of our countrey richly fraught:  
I thought vpon Anthonio when he told me,  
And wisht in silence that it were not his

Sol. You were best to tell Anthonio what you heare.  
Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieue him

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,  
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part,  
Bassanio told him he would make some speede  
Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,  
Slubber not businesse for my sake Bassanio,  
But stay the very riping of the time,  
And for the lewes bond which he hath of me,  
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:  
Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts  
To courtship, and such faire ostents of loue  
As shall conueniently become you there;  
And euen there his eye being big with teares,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,  
And with affection wondrous sencible  
He wrung Bassanios hand, and so they parted

Sol. I thinke he onely loues the world for him,  
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out  
And quicken his embraced heauinesse  
With some delight or other

Sal. Doe we so.

Exeunt.

Enter Nerrissa and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,



The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.  
Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia. Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,  
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:  
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately

Ar. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things;  
First, neuer to vnfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile  
Of the right casket, neuer in my life  
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:  
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,  
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare  
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe

Ar. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now  
To my hearts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.  
Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath.  
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.  
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see.  
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:  
What many men desire, that many may be meant  
By the foole multitude that choose by show,  
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,  
Which pries not to th' interior, but like the Martlet  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.  
I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,  
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.  
Why then to thee thou Siluer treasure house,  
Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;  
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues:  
And well said too; for who shall goe about  
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable  
Without the stampe of merrit, let none presume  
To weare an vnderdeserued dignitie:  
O that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour  
Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer;  
How many then should couer that stand bare?  
How many be commanded that command?

How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned  
From the true seede of honor? And how much honor  
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,  
To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choise.  
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues.  
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,  
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot  
Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it:  
How much vnlike art thou to Portia?  
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings?  
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues.  
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,  
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,  
And of opposed natures

Ar. What is here?  
The fier seauen times tried this,  
Seauen times tried that iudgement is,  
That did neuer choose amis,  
Some there be that shadowes kisse,  
Such haue but a shadowes blisse:  
There be fooles aliue Iwis  
Siluer'd o're, and so was this:  
Take what wife you will to bed,  
I will euer be your head:  
So be gone, you are sped

Ar. Still more foole I shall appeare  
By the time I linger here,  
With one fooles head I came to woo,  
But I goe away with two.  
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,  
Patiently to beare my wroath

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:  
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,  
They haue the wisdom by their wit to loose

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,  
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie

Por. Come draw the curtaine Nerrissa.  
Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mes. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate  
A yong Venetian, one that comes before  
To signifie th' approaching of his Lord,  
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;  
To wit (besides commends and curteous breath)  
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not seene  
So likely an Ambassador of loue.  
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete  
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard  
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:  
Come, come Nerryssa, for I long to see  
Quicke Cupids Post, that comes so mannerly

Ner. Bassanio Lord, loue if thy will it be.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that Anthonio  
hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the  
Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous  
flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye  
buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest woman  
of her word

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer  
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeeue she wept  
for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without  
any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of  
talke, that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio; o that  
I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost  
a ship

Sal. I would it might proue the end of his losses

Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the diuell crosse my praier, for here he comes in the likenes of a lew. How now Shylocke, what newes among the Merchants?  
Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight

Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings she flew withall

Sol. And Shylocke for his owne part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leaue the dam

Shy. She is damn'd for it

Sal. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her ludge

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell

Sol. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and bloud

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene let and luorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare whether Anthonio haue had anie losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vsurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfait, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a lewe: Hath not a lew eyes? hath not a lew hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions,

fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons,  
subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same  
meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and  
Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not  
bleede? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison  
vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not reuenge?  
if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you  
in that. If a lew wrong a Christian, what is his humility,  
reuenge? If a Christian wrong a lew, what should his sufferance  
be by Christian example, why reuenge? The villanie  
you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard  
but I will better the instruction.  
Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maister Anthonio is at his house, and  
desires to speake with you both

Sal. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke him.  
Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot  
be matcht, vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne lew.

Exeunt. Gentlemen

Shy. How now Tuball, what newes from Genowa? hast  
thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot  
finde her

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone  
cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse neuer  
fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now,  
two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious  
iewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot,  
and the iewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my  
foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them,  
why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search:  
why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so  
much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction,  
no reuenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights  
a my shoulders, no sighes but a my breathing, no teares  
but a my shedding

Tub. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, Anthonio as I  
heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped  
the wracke

Shy. I thanke thee good Tuball, good newes, good  
newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one  
night fourescore ducats

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my  
gold againe, fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore ducats

Tub. There came diuers of Anthonios creditors in my  
company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choose but  
breake

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture  
him, I am glad of it,

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of  
your daughter for a Monkie

Shy. Out vpon her, thou torturest me Tuball, it was  
my Turkies, I had it of Leah when I was a Batcheler: I  
would not haue giuen it for a wilderness of Monkees

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly vndone

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe Tuball, see  
me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will  
haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice,  
I can make what merchandize I will: goe Tuball,  
and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good Tuball, at our  
Sinagogue Tuball.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two  
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong  
I loose your companie; therefore forbear a while,  
There's something tels me (but it is not loue)  
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,  
Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie;  
But least you should not vnderstand me well,

And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,  
I would detain you here some month or two  
Before you venture for me. I could teach you  
How to choose right, but then I am forsworne,  
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,  
But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,  
That I had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,  
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,  
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,  
Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours,  
And so all yours; O these naughtie times  
Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights.  
And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)  
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.  
I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,  
To ich it, and to draw it out in length,  
To stay you from election

Bass. Let me choose,  
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke

Por. Vpon the racke Bassanio, then confesse  
What treason there is mingled with your loue

Bass. None but that vglie treason of mistrust.  
Which makes me feare the enioying of my loue:  
There may as well be amitie and life,  
'Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my loue

Por. I, but I feare you speake vpon the racke,  
Where men enforced doth speake any thing

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth

Por. Well then, confesse and liue

Bass. Confesse and loue  
Had beene the verie sum of my confession:  
O happie torment, when my torturer  
Doth teach me answers for deliuerance:  
But let me to my fortune and the caskets

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,  
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.  
Nerryssa and the rest, stand all aloofe,  
Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,  
Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,  
Fading in musique. That the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame  
And wat'rie death-bed for him: he may win,  
And what is musique than? Than musique is  
Euen as the flourish, when true subjects bowe  
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,  
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,  
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,  
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes  
With no lesse presence, but with much more loue  
Then yong Alcides, when he did redeeme  
The virgine tribute, paid by howling Troy  
To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,  
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wiues:  
With bleared visages come forth to view  
The issue of th' exploit: Goe Hercules,  
Liewe thou, I liewe with much more dismay  
I view the sight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

Here Musicke. A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the  
Caskets to  
himselfe.

Tell me where is fancie bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head:  
How begot, how nourished. Replie, replie.  
It is engendred in the eyes,  
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,  
In the cradle where it lies:  
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.  
Ile begin it.  
Ding, dong, bell

All. Ding, dong, bell

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselues  
The world is still deceiu'd with ornament.  
In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of euill? In Religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will blesse it, and approue it with a text,  
Hiding the grossenesse with faire ornament:  
There is no voice so simple, but assumes  
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;  
How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,



And these assume but valors excrement,  
To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,  
And you shall see 'tis purchast by the weight,  
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that weare most of it:  
So are those crisped snakie golden locks  
Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde  
Vpon supposed fairenesse, often knowne  
To be the dowrie of a second head,  
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.  
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
To a most dangerous sea: the beautious scarfe  
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee,  
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge  
'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead  
Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,  
Thy palenesse moues me more then eloquence,  
And here choose I, ioy be the consequence

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,  
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:  
And shuddring feare, and greene-eyed iealousie.  
O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,  
In measure raine thy ioy, scant this excesse,  
I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,  
For feare I surfeit

Bas. What finde I here?  
Faire Portias counterfeit. What demie God  
Hath come so neere creation? moue these eies?  
Or whether riding on the bals of mine  
Seeme they in motion? Here are seuer'd lips  
Parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre  
Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her haire  
The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath wouen  
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men  
Faster then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,  
How could he see to doe them? hauing made one,  
Me thinkes it should haue power to steale both his  
And leaue it selfe vnfurnisht: Yet looke how farre  
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
In vnderprising it, so farre this shadow  
Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scroule,  
The continent, and summarie of my fortune.  
You that choose not by the view

Chance as faire, and choose as true:  
Since this fortune fals to you,  
Be content, and seeke no new.  
If you be well pleasd with this,  
And hold your fortune for your blisse,  
Turne you where your Lady is,  
And claime her with a louing kisse

Bass. A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,  
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,  
Like one of two contending in a prize  
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies:  
Hearing applause and vniuersall shout,  
Giddie in spirit, still gazing in a doubt  
Whether those peales of praise be his or no.  
So thrice faire Lady stand I euen so,  
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,  
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you

Por. You see my Lord Bassiano where I stand,  
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,  
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times  
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,  
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,  
Exceed account: but the full summe of me  
Is sum of nothing: which to terme in grosse,  
Is an vnlessoned girle, vnschool'd, vnpractiz'd,  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learne: happier then this,  
Shee is not bred so dull but she can learne;  
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit  
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,  
As from her Lord, her Gouvernour, her King.  
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours  
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord  
Of this faire mansion, master of my seruants,  
Queene ore my selfe: and euen now, but now,  
This house, these seruants, and this same my selfe  
Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,  
Which when you part from, loose, or giue away,  
Let it presage the ruine of your loue,  
And be my vantage to exclaime on you

Bass. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,  
Onely my bloud speakes to you in my vaines,

And there is such confusion in my powers,  
As after some oration fairely spoke  
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,  
Where euery something being blent together,  
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, saue of ioy  
Exprest, and not exprest: but when this ring  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,  
O then be bold to say Bassanio's dead

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time  
That haue stood by and seene our wishes prosper,  
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady

Gra. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle Lady,  
I wish you all the ioy that you can wish:  
For I am sure you can wish none from me:  
And when your Honours meane to solemnize  
The bargaine of your faith: I doe beseech you  
Euen at that time I may be married too

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you haue got me one.  
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:  
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid:  
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,  
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;  
Your fortune stood vpon the caskets there,  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:  
For wooing heere vntill I swet againe,  
And swearing till my very rough was dry  
With oathes of loue, at last, if promise last,  
I got a promise of this faire one heere  
To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune  
Atchieu'd her mistresse

Por. Is this true Nerrissa?

Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall

Bass. And doe you Gratiano meane good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord

Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage

Gra. Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand  
ducats

Ner. What and stake downe?

Gra. No, we shal nere win at that sport, and stake downe.

But who comes heere? Lorenzo and his Infidell?  
What and my old Venetian friend Salerio?  
Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio.

Bas. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hether,  
If that the youth of my new interest heere  
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue  
I bid my verie friends and Countrimen  
Sweet Portia welcome

Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome

Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,  
My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,  
But meeting with Salerio by the way,  
He did intreate mee past all saying nay  
To come with him along

Sal. I did my Lord,  
And I haue reason for it, Signior Anthonio  
Commends him to you

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter  
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth

Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,  
Nor wel, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there  
Wil shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. Nerrissa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.  
Your hand Salerio, what's the newes from Venice?  
How doth that royal Merchant good Anthonio;  
I know he will be glad of our successe,  
We are the Iasons, we haue won the fleece

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that hee hath  
lost

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same  
Paper,  
That steales the colour from Bassianos cheekes,  
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world  
Could turne so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?  
With leaue Bassanio I am halfe your selfe,  
And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing  
That this same paper brings you

Bass. O sweet Portia,  
Heere are a few of the vnpleasant'st words  
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie  
When I did first impart my loue to you,  
I freely told you all the wealth I had  
Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,  
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,  
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see  
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you  
My state was nothing, I should then haue told you  
That I was worse then nothing: for indeede  
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,  
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie  
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,  
The paper as the bodie of my friend,  
And euerie word in it a gaping wound  
Issuing life blood. But is it true Salerio,  
Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,  
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,  
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch  
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.  
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the lew,  
He would not take it: neuer did I know  
A creature that did beare the shape of man  
So keene and greedy to confound a man.  
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,  
And doth impeach the freedome of the state  
If they deny him iustice. Twenty Merchants,  
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes  
Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,  
But none can driue him from the enuious plea  
Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond

Iessi. When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare  
To Tuball and to Chus, his Countri-men,  
That he would rather haue Anthonio's flesh,  
Then twenty times the value of the summe  
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,  
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,  
It will goe hard with poore Anthonio

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deerest friend to me, the kindest man,  
The best condition'd, and vnwearied spirit  
In doing curtesies: and one in whom  
The ancient Romane honour more appeares  
Then any that drawes breath in Italie

Por. What summe owes he the lew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats

Por. What, no more?

Pay him sixe thousand, and deface the bond:  
Double sixe thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a haire through Bassanio's fault.  
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,  
And then away to Venice to your friend:  
For neuer shall you lie by Portias side  
With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.  
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,  
My maid Nerrissa, and my selfe meane time  
Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away,  
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day:  
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,  
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.  
But let me heare the letter of your friend.  
Sweet Bassanio, my ships haue all miscarried, my Creditors  
grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the lew is  
forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should liue, all  
debts are cleerd between you and I, if I might see you at my  
death: notwithstanding, vse your pleasure, if your loue doe not  
perswade you to come, let not my letter

Por. O loue! dispach all busines and be gone

Bass. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,  
I will make hast; but till I come againe,  
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,  
Nor rest be interposer twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the lew, and Solanio, and Anthonio, and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,  
This is the foole that lends out money gratis.

laylor, looke to him

Ant. Heare me yet good Shylok

Iew. Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond,  
I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my bond:  
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,  
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,  
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder  
Thou naughty laylor, that thou art so fond  
To come abroad with him at his request

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake

Iew. Ile haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,  
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more,  
Ile not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld  
To Christian intercessors: follow not,  
Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Iew.

Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre  
That euer kept with men

Ant. Let him alone,  
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:  
He seekes my life, his reason well I know;  
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures  
Many that haue at times made mone to me,  
Therefore he hates me

Sol. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant  
this forfeiture to hold

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:  
For the commoditie that strangers haue  
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,  
Will much impeach the iustice of the State,  
Since that the trade and profit of the citty  
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,  
These greefes and losses haue so bated mee,  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.  
Well laylor, on, pray God Bassanio come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica, and a man of Portias.

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,  
You haue a noble and a true conceit  
Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.  
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,  
How true a Gentleman you send releefe,  
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,  
I know you would be prouder of the worke  
Then customary bounty can enforce you

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now: for in companions  
That do conuerse and waste the time together,  
Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of loue.  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lymaments, of manners, and of spirit;  
Which makes me thinke that this Anthonio  
Being the bosome louer of my Lord,  
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,  
How little is the cost I haue bestowed  
In purchasing the semblance of my soule;  
From out the state of hellish cruelty,  
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,  
Therefore no more of it: heere other things  
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,  
The husbandry and mannage of my house,  
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part  
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,  
To liue in prayer and contemplation,  
Onely attended by Nerrissa heere,  
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:  
There is a monastery too miles off,  
And there we will abide. I doe desire you  
Not to denie this imposition,  
The which my loue and some necessity  
Now layes vpon you

Lorens. Madame, with all my heart,  
I shall obey you in all faire commands

Por. My people doe already know my minde,  
And will acknowledge you and Iessica  
In place of Lord Bassanio and my selfe.  
So far you well till we shall meete againe



Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you

Iessi. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content

Por. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd  
To wish it backe on you: faryouwell lessica.

Exeunt.

Now Balthaser, as I haue euer found thee honest true,  
So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,  
And vse thou all the indeauor of a man,  
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this  
Into my cosins hand, Doctor Belario,  
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,  
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed  
Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie  
Which trades to Venice; waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee

Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient speed

Por. Come on Nerissa, I haue worke in hand  
That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands  
Before they thinke of vs?

Nerrissa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall Nerrissa: but in such a habit,  
That they shall thinke we are accomplished  
With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager  
When we are both accoutered like yong men,  
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,  
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,  
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,  
With a reede voyce, and turne two minsing steps  
Into a manly stride; and speake of frayes  
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes  
How honourable Ladies sought my loue,  
Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.  
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,  
And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them;  
And twentie of these punie lies Ile tell,  
That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole  
Aboue a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging lacks,  
Which I will practise

Nerris. Why, shall wee turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a questions that?  
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:  
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole deuce  
When I am in my coach, which stayes for vs  
At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twentie miles to day.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clown. Yes truly; for looke you, the sinnes of the Father  
are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise  
you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so  
now I speake my agitation of the matter: therfore be of  
good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is  
but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is  
but a kinde of bastard hope neither

Iessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father  
got you not, that you are not the lewes daughter

Ies. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the  
sins of my mother should be visited vpon me

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by father  
and mother: thus when I shun Scilla your father, I  
fall into Charibdis your mother; well, you are gone both  
waies

Ies. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me  
a Christian

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians  
enow before, e'ne as many as could wel liue one by another:  
this making of Christians will raise the price of  
Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not  
shortlie haue a rasher on the coales for money.  
Enter Lorenzo.

Ies. Ile tell my husband Lancelet what you say, heere  
he comes

Loren. I shall grow iealous of you shortly Lancelet,  
if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ies. Nay, you need not feare vs Lorenzo, Launcelet  
and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee

in heauen, because I am a lewes daughter: and hee saies  
you are no good member of the common wealth, for  
in conuerting lewes to Christians, you raise the price  
of Porke

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Commonwealth,  
than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bellie:  
the Moore is with childe by you Launcelet?

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more then  
reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, shee is  
indeed more then I tooke her for

Loren. How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I  
thinke the best grace of witte will shortly turne into silence,  
and discourse grow commendable in none onely  
but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done sir, they haue all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you,  
then bid them prepare dinner

Clow. That is done to sir, onely couer is the word

Loren. Will you couer than sir?

Clow. Not so sir neither, I know my dutie

Loren. Yet more quarreling with occasion, wilt thou  
shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray  
thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe  
to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the  
meat, and we will come in to dinner

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the  
meat sir, it shall bee couered, for your comming in to  
dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall gouerne.

Exit Clowne.

Lor. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,  
The foole hath planted in his memory  
An Armie of good words, and I doe know  
A many fooles that stand in better place,  
Garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word  
Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou lessica,  
And now good sweet say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the Lord Bassiano's wife?

Iessi. Past all expressing, it is very meete  
The Lord Bassanio liue an vpright life  
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,

He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,  
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it  
Is reason he should neuer come to heauen?  
Why, if two gods should play some heauenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one: there must be something else  
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world  
Hath not her fellow

Loren. Euen such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife

Ies. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?  
Lor. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?  
Ies. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke?  
Lor. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,  
Then how som ere thou speakst 'mong other things,  
I shall digest it?  
Iessi. Well, Ile set you forth.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio, and  
Gratiano

Duke. What, is Anthonio heere?  
Ant. Ready, so please your grace?  
Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answere  
A stonie aduersary, an inhumane wretch,  
Vncapable of pittie, voyd, and empty  
From any dram of mercie

Ant. I haue heard  
Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie  
His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful meanes can carrie me  
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his

Du. Go one and cal the Iew into the Court

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.  
Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.  
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke so to  
That thou but ledest this fashion of thy mallice  
To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought  
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,  
Than is thy strange apparant cruelty;  
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,  
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,  
But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and loue:  
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,  
Glancing an eye of pittie on his losses  
That haue of late so hudled on his backe,  
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;  
And plucke commiseration of his state  
From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flints,  
From stubborne Turkes and Tartars neuer traind  
To offices of tender curtesie,  
We all expect a gentle answer Iew?

Iew. I haue possest your grace of what I purpose,  
And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne  
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.  
If you denie it, let the danger light  
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.  
You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue  
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue  
Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:  
But say it is my humor; Is it answered?  
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,  
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand Ducates  
To haue it bair'd? What, are you answer'd yet?  
Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:  
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:  
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th nose,  
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.  
Masters of passion swayes it to the moode  
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:  
As there is no firme reason to be rendred  
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?  
Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat?  
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force  
Must yeeld to such ineuitable shame,  
As to offend himselfe being offended:  
So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,  
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing  
I beare Anthonio, that I follow thus  
A loosing suite against him? Are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer thou vnfeeling man,  
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty

Iew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer

Bass. Do all men kil the things they do not loue?

Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Euerie offence is not a hate at first

Iew. What wouldst thou haue a Serpent sting thee  
twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Iew:

You may as well go stand vpon the beach,

And bid the maine flood baite his vsuall height,

Or euen as well vse question with the Wolfe,

The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:

You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines

To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise

When they are fretted with the gusts of heauen:

You may as well do any thing most hard,

As seeke to soften that, then which what harder?

His Iewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you

Make no more offers, vse no farther meanes,

But with all briefe and plaine conueniencie

Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will

Bas. For thy three thousand Ducates heere is six

Iew. If euerie Ducat in sixe thousand Ducates

Were in sixe parts, and euery part a Ducate,

I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

Du. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?

Iew. What iudgement shall I dread doing no wrong?

You haue among you many a purchast slaue,

Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,

You vse in abiect and in slauish parts,

Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,

Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?

Why sweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds

Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats

Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer

The slaues are ours. So do I answer you.

The pound of flesh which I demand of him

Is deerely bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue it.

If you deny me; fie vpon your Law,

There is no force in the decrees of Venice;

I stand for iudgement, answer, Shall I haue it?

Du. Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court,

Vnlesse Bellario a learned Doctor,  
Whom I haue sent for to determine this,  
Come heere to day

Sal. My Lord, heere stayes without  
A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,  
New come from Padua

Du. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers

Bass. Good cheere Anthonio. What man, corage yet:  
The lew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,  
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;  
You cannot better be employ'd Bassanio,  
Then to liue still, and write mine Epitaph.  
Enter Nerrissa.

Du. Came you from Padua from Bellario?  
Ner. From both.  
My Lord Bellario greets your Grace

Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?  
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there

Gra. Not on thy soale: but on thy soule harsh Iew  
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,  
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenness  
Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?  
Iew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,  
And for thy life let iustice be accus'd:  
Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith;  
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That soules of Animals infuse themselues  
Into the trunkes of men. Thy currish spirit  
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,  
Euen from the gallows did his fell soule fleet;  
And whil'st thou layest in thy vnhalloved dam,  
Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires  
Are Woluish, bloody, steru'd, and rauinous

Iew. Till thou canst raile the seale from off my bond  
Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud:

Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall  
To endlesse ruine. I stand heere for Law

Du. This Letter from Bellario doth commend  
A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;  
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by  
To know your answer, whether you'l admit him

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you  
Go giue him curteous conduct to this place,  
Meane time the Court shall heare Bellarioes Letter.  
Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receite of your  
Letter I am very sicke: but in the instant that your messenger  
came, in louing visitation, was with me a yong Doctor  
of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with  
the cause in Controuersie, betweene the Iew and Anthonio  
the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is  
furnished with my opinion, which bettred with his owne learning,  
the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes  
with him at my importunity, to fill vp your Graces request in  
my sted. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment  
to let him lacke a reuerend estimation: for I neuer knewe so  
yong a body, with so old a head. I leaue him to your gracious  
acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.  
Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd Bellario what he writes,  
And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.  
Giue me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?  
Por. I did my Lord

Du. You are welcome: take your place;  
Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds this present question in the Court

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause.  
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?  
Du. Anthonio and old Shylocke, both stand forth

Por. Is your name Shylocke?  
Iew. Shylocke is my name

Por. Of a strange nature is the sute you follow,  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law  
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.  
You stand within his danger, do you not?  
Ant. I, so he sayes



Por. Do you confesse the bond?

Ant. I do

Por. Then must the lew be mercifull

lew. On what compulsion must I ? Tell me that

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen  
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,  
It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes  
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.  
His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,  
The attribute to awe and Maiestie,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:  
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,  
It is an attribute to God himselfe;  
And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods  
When mercie seasons iustice. Therefore lew,  
Though iustice be thy plea, consider this,  
That in the course of iustice, none of vs  
Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,  
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render  
The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke thus much  
To mittigate the iustice of thy plea:  
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice  
Must needes giue sentence 'gainst the Merchant there

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,  
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bas. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,  
Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:  
If this will not suffice, it must appeare  
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you  
Wrest once the Law to your authority.  
To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established:  
'Twill be recorded for a President,

And many an error by the same example,  
Will rush into the state: It cannot be

Iew. A Daniel come to iudgement, yea a Daniel.  
O wise young Iudge, how do I honour thee

Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond

Iew. Heere 'tis most reuerend Doctor, heere it is

Por. Shylocke, there's thrice thy monie offered thee

Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen:  
Shall I lay periurie vpon my soule?  
No not for Venice

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,  
And lawfully by this the Iew may claime  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Neerest the Merchants heart; be mercifull,  
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond

Iew. When it is paid according to the tenure.  
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:  
You know the Law, your exposition  
Hath beene most sound. I charge you by the Law,  
Whereof you are a well-deseruing pillar,  
Proceede to iudgement: By my soule I sweare,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay heere on my bond

An. Most heartily I do beseech the Court  
To giue the iudgement

Por. Why then thus it is:  
You must prepare your bosome for his knife

Iew. O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law  
Hath full relation to the penaltie,  
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond

Iew. 'Tis verie true: O wise and vpriht Iudge,  
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome

Iew. I, his brest,

So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?  
Neerest his heart, those are the very words

Por. It is so: Are there ballance heere to weigh the  
flesh?

Iew. I haue them ready

Por. Haue by some Surgeon Shylock on your charge  
To stop his wounds, least he should bleede to death

Iew. It is not nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so exprest: but what of that?  
'Twere good you do so much for charitie

Iew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond

Por. Come Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.  
Giue me your hand Bassanio, fare you well.  
Greeue not that I am falne to this for you:  
For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde  
Then is her custome. It is still her vse  
To let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow  
An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance  
Of such miserie, doth she cut me off:  
Commend me to your honourable Wife,  
Tell her the processe of Anthonio's end:  
Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:  
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,  
Whether Bassanio had not once a Loue:  
Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,  
And he repents not that he payes your debt.  
For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,  
Ile pay it instantly, with all my heart

Bas. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,  
Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,  
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd aboue thy life.  
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all  
Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you

Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that  
If she were by to heare you make the offer

Gra. I haue a wife whom I protest I loue,  
I would she were in heauen, so she could

Intreat some power to change this currish lew

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,  
The wish would make else an vnquiet house

Iew. These be the Christian husbands: I haue a daughter  
Would any of the stocke of Barrabas  
Had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.  
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence

Por. A pound of that same marchants flesh is thine,  
The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it

Iew. Most rightfull Iudge

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,  
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it

Iew. Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,  
This bond doth giue thee heere no iot of bloud,  
The words expresly are a pound of flesh:  
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,  
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian bloud, thy lands and goods  
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate  
Vnto the state of Venice

Gra. O vpriht Iudge,  
Marke Iew, o learned Iudge

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:  
For as thou vrgest iustice, be assur'd  
Thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirest

Gra. O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge

Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian goe

Bass. Heere is the money

Por. Soft, the Iew shall haue all iustice, soft, no haste,  
He shall haue nothing but the penalty

Gra. O Iew, an vpriht Iudge, a learned Iudge

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,  
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou lesse nor more  
But iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more  
Or lesse then a iust pound, be it so much  
As makes it light or heauy in the substance,  
Or the deuision of the twentieth part  
Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne  
But in the estimation of a hayre,  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel lew,  
Now infidell I haue thee on the hip

Por. Why doth the lew pause, take thy forfeiture

Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe

Bass. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,  
He shall haue meerly iustice and his bond

Gra. A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel,  
I thanke thee lew for teaching me that word

Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be taken so at thy perill lew

Shy. Why then the Deuill giue him good of it:  
He stay no longer question

Por. Tarry lew,  
The Law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,  
If it be proued against an Alien,  
That by direct, or indirect attempts  
He seeke the life of any Citizen,  
The party gainst the which he doth contriue,  
Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe  
Comes to the priuie coffer of the State,  
And the offenders life lies in the mercy  
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament I say thou standst:  
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,  
That indirectly, and directly to,  
Thou hast contriu'd against the very life

Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd  
The danger formerly by me rehearst.  
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,  
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,  
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge

Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,  
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:  
For halfe thy wealth, it is Anthonio's  
The other halfe comes to the generall state,  
Which humblenesse may driue vnto a fine

Por. I for the state, not for Anthonio

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustaine my house: you take my life  
When you doe take the meanes whereby I liue

Por. What mercy can you render him Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods sake

Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court  
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,  
I am content: so he will let me haue  
The other halfe in vse, to render it  
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman  
That lately stole his daughter.  
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour  
He presently become a Christian:  
The other, that he doe record a gift  
Heere in the Court of all he dies possest  
Vnto his sonne Lorenzo, and his daughter

Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant  
The pardon that I late pronounced heere

Por. Art thou contented lew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift

Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,  
I am not well, send the deed after me,  
And I will signe it

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it

Gra. In christning thou shalt haue two godfathers,  
Had I been iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,  
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font.  
Enter.

Du. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner

Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meete I presently set forth

Duk. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not:  
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,  
For in my minde you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend  
Haue by your wisdom beene this day acquitted  
Of greuous penalties, in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand Ducats due vnto the lew  
We freely cope your curteous paines withall

An. And stand indebted ouer and aboue  
In loue and service to you euermore

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,  
And I deliuering you, am satisfied,  
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,  
My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.  
I pray you know me when we meete againe,  
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue

Bass. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,  
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,  
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you  
Not to denie me, and to pardon me

Por. You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,  
Giue me your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,  
And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,  
Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,  
And you in loue shall not deny me this?

Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,  
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this

Por. I wil haue nothing else but onely this,  
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it

Bas. There's more depends on this then on the valew,  
The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,  
And finde it out by proclamation,  
Onely for this I pray you pardon me

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,  
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd

Bas. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,  
And when she put it on, she made me vow  
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor lose it

Por. That scuse serues many men to saue their gifts,  
And if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,  
Shee would not hold out enemy for euer  
For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you.

Exeunt.

Ant. My L[ord]. Bassanio, let him haue the ring,  
Let his deseruings and my loue withall  
Be valued against your wiues commandement

Bass. Goe Gratiano, run and ouer-take him,  
Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst  
Vnto Anthonios house, away, make haste.

Exit Grati.

Come, you and I will thither presently,  
And in the morning early will we both  
Flie toward Belmont, come Anthonio.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. Enquire the lewes house out, giue him this deed,  
And let him signe it, wee'll away to night,  
And be a day before our husbands home:  
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.  
Enter Gratiano.



Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:  
My L[ord]. Bassanio vpon more aduice,  
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat  
Your company at dinner

Por. That cannot be;  
His ring I doe accept most thankfully,  
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,  
I pray you shew my youth old Shylockes house

Gra. That will I doe

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:  
Ile see if I can get my husbands ring  
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing  
That they did giue the rings away to men;  
But wee le out-face them, and out-sweare them to:  
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,  
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,  
And they did make no noyse, in such a night  
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,  
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents  
Where Cressed lay that night

Ies. In such a night  
Did Thisbie fearefully ore-trip the dewe,  
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,  
And ranne dismayed away

Loren. In such a night  
Stood Dido with a Willow in her hand  
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue  
To come againe to Carthage

Ies. In such a night  
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs  
That did renew old Eson

Loren. In such a night  
Did Iessica steale from the wealthy Iewe,  
And with an Vnthrif Loue did runne from Venice,  
As farre as Belmont

Ies. In such a night  
Did young Lorenzo sweare he lou'd her well,  
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,  
And nere a true one

Loren. In such a night  
Did pretty Iessica (like a little shrow)  
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her

Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:  
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.  
Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?  
Mes. A friend

Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you friend?  
Mes. Stephano is my name, and I bring word  
My Mistresse will before the breake of day  
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about  
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes  
For happy wedlocke houres

Loren. Who comes with her?  
Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:  
I pray you is my Master yet return'd?  
Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,  
But goe we in I pray thee Iessica,  
And ceremoniously let vs prepare  
Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house,  
Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola

Loren. Who calls?  
Clo. Sola, did you see M[aster]. Lorenzo, & M[aster]. Lorenzo,  
sola,  
Lor. Leaue hollowing man, heere

Clo. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Heere?

Clo. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with  
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere  
morning sweete soule

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.  
And yet no matter: why should we goe in?  
My friend Stephen, signifie pray you  
Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,  
And bring your musique foorth into the ayre.  
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,  
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke  
Creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night  
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:  
Sit Iessica, looke how the floore of heauen  
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,  
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst  
But in his motion like an Angell sings,  
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;  
Such harmonie is in immortall soules,  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grosly close in it, we cannot heare it:  
Come hoe, and wake Diana with a hymne,  
With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,  
And draw her home with musicke

Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

Play musicke.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentue:  
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard  
Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their bloud,  
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,  
You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,  
Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet  
Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.  
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But musicke for time doth change his nature,  
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,  
Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections darke as Erobus,  
Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke.  
Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:  
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the candle?

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,  
A substitute shines brightly as a King  
Vntill a King be by, and then his state  
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke  
Into the maine of waters: musique, harke.

Musicke.

Ner. It is your musicke Madame of the house

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,  
Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke  
When neither is attended: and I thinke  
The Nightingale if she should sing by day  
When euery Goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a Musitian then the Wren?  
How many things by season, season'd are  
To their right praise, and true perfection:  
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,  
And would not be awak'd.

Musicke ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,  
Or I am much deceiu'd of Portia

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the  
Cuckow by the bad voice?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare  
Which speed we hope the better for our words,  
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:  
But there is come a Messenger before  
To signifie their comming

Por. Go in Nerrissa,  
Giue order to my seruants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence,  
Nor you Lorenzo, lessica nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,  
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight sicke,  
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.  
Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,  
If you would walke in absence of the sunne

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,  
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,  
And neuer be Bassanio so for me,  
But God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord

Bass. I thanke you Madam, giue welcom to my friend  
This is the man, this is Anthonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,  
For as I heare he was much bound for you

Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of

Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:  
It must appeare in other waies then words,  
Therefore I scant this breathing curtesie

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,  
Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clearke,  
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,  
Since you do take it Loue so much at hart

Por. A quarrel hoe alreadie, what's the matter?  
Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring  
That she did giue me, whose Poesie was  
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry  
Vpon a knife; Loue mee, and leaue mee not

Ner. What talke you of the Poesie or the valem:

You swore to me when I did giue it you,  
That you would weare it til the houre of death,  
And that it should lye with you in your graue,  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should haue beene respectiue and haue kept it.  
Gaued it a Iudges Clarke: but wel I know  
The Clarke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it

Gra. He wil, and if he liue to be a man

Nerrissa. I, if a Woman liue to be a man

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,  
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clarke,  
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,  
I could not for my heart deny it him

Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,  
To part so slightly with your wiues first gift,  
A thing stucke on with oathes vpon your finger,  
And so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.  
I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him sweare  
Neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:  
I dare be sworne for him, he would not leaue it,  
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now in faith Gratiano,  
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,  
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,  
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gaue his Ring away  
Vnto the Iudge that beg'd it, and indeede  
Deseru'd it too: and then the Boy his Clarke  
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,  
And neyther man nor master would take ought  
But the two Rings

Por. What Ring gaue you my Lord?  
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me

Bass. If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,  
I would deny it: but you see my finger  
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone

Por. Euen so voide is your false heart of truth.

By heauen I wil nere come in your bed  
Vntil I see the Ring

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine

Bass. Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,  
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,  
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,  
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,  
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,  
Or halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,  
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,  
You would not then haue parted with the Ring:  
What man is there so much vnreasonable,  
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it  
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modestie  
To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:  
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeeue,  
Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

Bass. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule  
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,  
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,  
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,  
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:  
Euen he that had held vp the verie life  
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady?  
I was inforc'd to send it after him,  
I was beset with shame and curtesie,  
My honor would not let ingratitude  
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,  
And by these blessed Candles of the night,  
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd  
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,  
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,  
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,  
I will become as liberall as you,  
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,  
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:  
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.  
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,  
If you doe not, if I be left alone,  
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,  
Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow

Nerrissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd  
How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection

Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,  
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen

Ant. I am th' vnhappy subiect of these quarrels

Por. Sir, grieue not you,  
You are welcome notwithstanding

Bas. Portia, forgiue me this enforced wrong,  
And in the hearing of these manie friends  
I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes  
Wherein I see my selfe

Por. Marke you but that?  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:  
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,  
And there's an oath of credit

Bas. Nay, but heare me.  
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare  
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee

Anth. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,  
Which but for him that had your husbands ring  
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,  
My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord  
Will neuer more breake faith aduisedlie

Por. Then you shall be his suretie: giue him this,  
And bid him keepe it better then the other

Ant. Heere Lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring

Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor

Por. I had it of him: pardon Bassanio,  
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me

Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,  
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke  
In lieu of this, last night did lye with me

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies  
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:  
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it



Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;  
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure,  
It comes from Padua from Bellario,  
There you shall finde that Portia was the Doctor,  
Nerrissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo heere  
Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,  
And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet  
Entred my house. Anthonio you are welcome,  
And I haue better newes in store for you  
Then you expect: vnseale this letter soone,  
There you shall finde three of your Argosies  
Are richly come to harbour sodainlie.  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter

Antho. I am dumbe

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?  
Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold

Ner. I, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,  
Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife

An. (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;  
For heere I reade for certaine that my ships  
Are safelie come to Rode

Por. How now Lorenzo?  
My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you

Ner. I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.  
There doe I giue to you and lessica  
From the rich lewe, a speciall deed of gift  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of

Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way  
Of starued people

Por. It is almost morning,  
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied  
Of these euent at full. Let vs goe in,  
And charge vs there vpon intergatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory  
That my Nerrissa shall be sworne on, is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,  
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,  
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,  
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.  
Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing  
So sore, as keeping safe Nerrissas ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS. The Merchant of Venice.

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# TRAVEL

## VENICE: AN EARLY IMPRESSION

from: **Italian Hours** by Henry James

<https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/6354>

There would be much to say about that golden chain of historic cities which stretches from Milan to Venice, in which the very names—Brescia, Verona, Mantua, Padua—are an ornament to one's phrase; but I should have to draw upon recollections now three years old and to make my short story a long one. Of Verona and Venice only have I recent impressions, and even to these must I do hasty justice. I came into Venice, just as I had done before, toward the end of a summer's day, when the shadows begin to lengthen and the light to glow, and found that the attendant sensations bore repetition remarkably well. There was the same last intolerable delay at Mestre, just before your first glimpse of the lagoon confirms the already distinct sea-smell which has added speed to the precursive flight of your imagination; then the liquid level, edged afar off by its band of indiscriminated domes and spires, soon distinguished and proclaimed, however, as excited and contentious heads multiply at the windows of the train; then your long rumble on the immense white railway-bridge, which, in spite of the invidious contrast drawn, and very properly, by Mr. Ruskin between the old and the new approach, does truly, in a manner, shine across the green lap of the lagoon like a mighty causeway of marble; then the plunge into the station, which would be exactly similar to every other plunge save for one little fact—that the keynote of the great medley of voices borne back from the exit is not "Cab, sir!" but "Barca, signore!" I do not mean, however, to follow the traveller through every phase of his initiation, at the risk of stamping poor Venice beyond repair as the supreme bugbear of literature; though for my own part I hold that to a fine healthy romantic appetite the subject can't be too diffusely treated. Meeting in the Piazza on the evening of my arrival a young American painter who told me that he had been spending the summer just where I found him, I could have assaulted him for very envy. He was painting forsooth the interior of St. Mark's. To be a young American painter unperplexed by the mocking, elusive soul of things and satisfied with their wholesome light-bathed surface and shape; keen of eye; fond of colour, of sea and sky and anything that may chance between them; of old lace and old brocade and old furniture (even when made to order); of time-mellowed harmonies on nameless canvases and happy contours in cheap old engravings; to spend one's mornings in still, productive analysis of the clustered shadows of the Basilica, one's afternoons anywhere, in church or campo, on canal or lagoon, and one's evenings in star-light gossip at Florian's, feeling the sea-breeze throb languidly between the two great pillars of the Piazzetta and over the low black domes of the church—this, I consider, is to be as happy as is consistent with the preservation of reason.

The mere use of one's eyes in Venice is happiness enough, and generous observers find it hard to keep an account of their profits in this line. Everything the attention touches holds it, keeps playing with it—thanks to some inscrutable flattery of the atmosphere. Your brown-skinned, white-shirted gondolier, twisting himself in the light, seems to you, as you lie at contemplation beneath your awning, a perpetual symbol of Venetian "effect." The light here is in fact a mighty magician and, with all respect to Titian, Veronese and Tintoret, the greatest artist of them all. You should see in places the material with which it deals—slimy brick, marble battered and befouled, rags, dirt, decay. Sea and sky seem to meet half-way, to blend their tones into a soft iridescence, a lustrous compound of wave and cloud and a hundred nameless local reflections, and then to fling the clear tissue against every object of vision. You may see these elements at work everywhere, but to see them in their intensity you should choose the finest day in the month and have yourself rowed far away across the lagoon to Torcello. Without making this excursion you can hardly pretend to know Venice or to sympathise with that longing for pure radiance

which animated her great colourists. It is a perfect bath of light, and I couldn't get rid of a fancy that we were cleaving the upper atmosphere on some hurrying cloud-skiff. At Torcello there is nothing but the light to see—nothing at least but a sort of blooming sand-bar intersected by a single narrow creek which does duty as a canal and occupied by a meagre cluster of huts, the dwellings apparently of market-gardeners and fishermen, and by a ruinous church of the eleventh century. It is impossible to imagine a more penetrating case of unheeded collapse. Torcello was the mother-city of Venice, and she lies there now, a mere mouldering vestige, like a group of weather-bleached parental bones left impiously unburied. I stopped my gondola at the mouth of the shallow inlet and walked along the grass beside a hedge to the low-browed, crumbling cathedral. The charm of certain vacant grassy spaces, in Italy, overfrowned by masses of brickwork that are honeycombed by the suns of centuries, is something that I hereby renounce once for all the attempt to express; but you may be sure that whenever I mention such a spot enchantment lurks in it.

A delicious stillness covered the little campo at Torcello; I remember none so subtly audible save that of the Roman Campagna. There was no life but the visible tremor of the brilliant air and the cries of half-a-dozen young children who dogged our steps and clamoured for coppers. These children, by the way, were the handsomest little brats in the world, and, each was furnished with a pair of eyes that could only have signified the protest of nature against the meanness of fortune. They were very nearly as naked as savages, and their little bellies protruded like those of infant cannibals in the illustrations of books of travel; but as they scampered and sprawled in the soft, thick grass, grinning like suddenly-translated cherubs and showing their hungry little teeth, they suggested forcibly that the best assurance of happiness in this world is to be found in the maximum of innocence and the minimum of wealth. One small urchin—framed, if ever a child was, to be the joy of an aristocratic mamma—was the most expressively beautiful creature I had ever looked upon. He had a smile to make Correggio sigh in his grave; and yet here he was running wild among the sea-stunted bushes, on the lonely margin of a decaying world, in prelude to how blank or to how dark a destiny? Verily nature is still at odds with propriety; though indeed if they ever really pull together I fear nature will quite lose her distinction. An infant citizen of our own republic, straight-haired, pale-eyed and freckled, duly darned and catechised, marching into a New England schoolhouse, is an object often seen and soon forgotten; but I think I shall always remember with infinite tender conjecture, as the years roll by, this little unlettered Eros of the Adriatic strand. Yet all youthful things at Torcello were not cheerful, for the poor lad who brought us the key of the cathedral was shaking with an ague, and his melancholy presence seemed to point the moral of forsaken nave and choir. The church, admirably primitive and curious, reminded me of the two or three oldest churches of Rome—St. Clement and St. Agnes. The interior is rich in grimly mystical mosaics of the twelfth century and the patchwork of precious fragments in the pavement not inferior to that of St. Mark's. But the terribly distinct Apostles are ranged against their dead gold backgrounds as stiffly as grenadiers presenting arms—intensely personal sentinels of a personal Deity. Their stony stare seems to wait for ever vainly for some visible revival of primitive orthodoxy, and one may well wonder whether it finds much beguilement in idly-gazing troops of Western heretics—passionless even in their heresy. I had been curious to see whether in the galleries and temples of Venice I should be disposed to transpose my old estimates—to burn what I had adored and adore what I had burned. It is a sad truth that one can stand in the Ducal Palace for the first time but once, with the deliciously ponderous sense of that particular half-hour's being an era in one's mental history; but I had the satisfaction of finding at least—a great comfort in a short stay—that none of my early memories were likely to change places and that I could take up my admirations where I had left them. I still found Carpaccio delightful, Veronese magnificent, Titian supremely beautiful and Tintoret scarce to be appraised. I repaired immediately to the little church of San Cassano, which contains the smaller of Tintoret's two great Crucifixions; and when I had looked at it a while I drew a long breath and felt I could now face any other picture in Venice with proper self-possession. It seemed to me I had advanced to the uttermost limit of painting; that

beyond this another art—inspired poetry—begins, and that Bellini, Veronese, Giorgione, and Titian, all joining hands and straining every muscle of their genius, reach forward not so far but that they leave a visible space in which Tintoret alone is master. I well remember the exaltations to which he lifted me when first I learned to know him; but the glow of that comparatively youthful amazement is dead, and with it, I fear, that confident vivacity of phrase of which, in trying to utter my impressions, I felt less the magniloquence than the impotence. In his power there are many weak spots, mysterious lapses and fitful intermissions; but when the list of his faults is complete he still remains to me the most interesting of painters. His reputation rests chiefly on a more superficial sort of merit—his energy, his unsurpassed productivity, his being, as Théophile Gautier says, *le roi des fougueux*. These qualities are immense, but the great source of his impressiveness is that his indefatigable hand never drew a line that was not, as one may say, a moral line. No painter ever had such breadth and such depth; and even Titian, beside him, scarce figures as more than a great decorative artist. Mr. Ruskin, whose eloquence in dealing with the great Venetians sometimes outruns his discretion, is fond of speaking even of Veronese as a painter of deep spiritual intentions. This, it seems to me, is pushing matters too far, and the author of "The Rape of Europa" is, pictorially speaking, no greater casuist than any other genius of supreme good taste. Titian was assuredly a mighty poet, but Tintoret—well, Tintoret was almost a prophet. Before his greatest works you are conscious of a sudden evaporation of old doubts and dilemmas, and the eternal problem of the conflict between idealism and realism dies the most natural of deaths. In his genius the problem is practically solved; the alternatives are so harmoniously interfused that I defy the keenest critic to say where one begins and the other ends. The homeliest prose melts into the most ethereal poetry—the literal and the imaginative fairly confound their identity.

This, however, is vague praise. Tintoret's great merit, to my mind, was his unequalled distinctness of vision. When once he had conceived the germ of a scene it defined itself to his imagination with an intensity, an amplitude, an individuality of expression, which makes one's observation of his pictures seem less an operation of the mind than a kind of supplementary experience of life. Veronese and Titian are content with a much looser specification, as their treatment of any subject that the author of the Crucifixion at San Cassano has also treated abundantly proves. There are few more suggestive contrasts than that between the absence of a total character at all commensurate with its scattered variety and brilliancy in Veronese's "Marriage of Cana," at the Louvre, and the poignant, almost startling, completeness of Tintoret's illustration of the theme at the Salute church. To compare his "Presentation of the Virgin," at the Madonna dell' Orto, with Titian's at the Academy, or his "Annunciation" with Titian's close at hand, is to measure the essential difference between observation and imagination. One has certainly not said all that there is to say for Titian when one has called him an observer. Il y mettait du sien, and I use the term to designate roughly the artist whose apprehension, infinitely deep and strong when applied to the single figure or to easily balanced groups, spends itself vainly on great dramatic combinations—or rather leaves them ungauged. It was the whole scene that Tintoret seemed to have beheld in a flash of inspiration intense enough to stamp it ineffaceably on his perception; and it was the whole scene, complete, peculiar, individual, unprecedented, that he committed to canvas with all the vehemence of his talent. Compare his "Last Supper," at San Giorgio—its long, diagonally placed table, its dusky spaciousness, its scattered lamp-light and halo-light, its startled, gesticulating figures, its richly realistic foreground—with the customary formal, almost mathematical rendering of the subject, in which impressiveness seems to have been sought in elimination rather than comprehension. You get from Tintoret's work the impression that he felt, pictorially, the great, beautiful, terrible spectacle of human life very much as Shakespeare felt it poetically—with a heart that never ceased to beat a passionate accompaniment to every stroke of his brush. Thanks to this fact his works are signally grave, and their almost universal and rapidly increasing decay doesn't relieve their gloom. Nothing indeed can well be sadder than the great collection of Tintorets at San Rocco. Incurable blackness is settling fast upon all of them, and they frown at you across the sombre splendour of their great chambers like gaunt

twilight phantoms of pictures. To our children's children Tintoret, as things are going, can be hardly more than a name; and such of them as shall miss the tragic beauty, already so dimmed and stained, of the great "Bearing of the Cross" in that temple of his spirit will live and die without knowing the largest eloquence of art. If you wish to add the last touch of solemnity to the place recall as vividly as possible while you linger at San Rocco the painter's singularly interesting portrait of himself, at the Louvre. The old man looks out of the canvas from beneath a brow as sad as a sunless twilight, with just such a stoical hopelessness as you might fancy him to wear if he stood at your side gazing at his rotting canvases. It isn't whimsical to read it as the face of a man who felt that he had given the world more than the world was likely to repay. Indeed before every picture of Tintoret you may remember this tremendous portrait with profit. On one side the power, the passion, the illusion of his art; on the other the mortal fatigue of his spirit. The world's knowledge of him is so small that the portrait throws a doubly precious light on his personality; and when we wonder vainly what manner of man he was, and what were his purpose, his faith and his method, we may find forcible assurance there that they were at any rate his life—one of the most intellectually passionate ever led.

Verona, which was my last Italian stopping-place, is in any conditions a delightfully interesting city; but the kindness of my own memory of it is deepened by a subsequent ten days' experience of Germany. I rose one morning at Verona, and went to bed at night at Botzen! The statement needs no comment, and the two places, though but fifty miles apart, are as painfully dissimilar as their names. I had prepared myself for your delectation with a copious tirade on German manners, German scenery, German art and the German stage—on the lights and shadows of Innsbrück, Munich, Nürnberg and Heidelberg; but just as I was about to put pen to paper I glanced into a little volume on these very topics lately published by that famous novelist and moralist, M. Ernest Feydeau, the fruit of a summer's observation at Homburg. This work produced a reaction; and if I chose to follow M. Feydeau's own example when he wishes to qualify his approbation I might call his treatise by any vile name known to the speech of man. But I content myself with pronouncing it superficial. I then reflect that my own opportunities for seeing and judging were extremely limited, and I suppress my tirade, lest some more enlightened critic should come and hang me with the same rope. Its sum and substance was to have been that—superficially—Germany is ugly; that Munich is a nightmare, Heidelberg a disappointment (in spite of its charming castle) and even Nürnberg not a joy for ever. But comparisons are odious, and if Munich is ugly Verona is beautiful enough. You may laugh at my logic, but will probably assent to my meaning. I carried away from Verona a precious mental picture upon which I cast an introspective glance whenever between Botzen and Strassburg the oppression of external circumstance became painful. It was a lovely August afternoon in the Roman arena—a ruin in which repair and restoration have been so watchfully and plausibly practised that it seems all of one harmonious antiquity. The vast stony oval rose high against the sky in a single clear, continuous line, broken here and there only by strolling and reclining loungers. The massive tiers inclined in solid monotony to the central circle, in which a small open-air theatre was in active operation. A small quarter of the great slope of masonry facing the stage was roped off into an auditorium, in which the narrow level space between the foot-lights and the lowest step figured as the pit. Foot-lights are a figure of speech, for the performance was going on in the broad glow of the afternoon, with a delightful and apparently by no means misplaced confidence in the good-will of the spectators. What the piece was that was deemed so superbly able to shift for itself I know not—very possibly the same drama that I remember seeing advertised during my former visit to Verona; nothing less than *La Tremenda Giustizia di Dio*. If titles are worth anything this product of the melodramatist's art might surely stand upon its own legs. Along the tiers above the little group of regular spectators was gathered a free-list of unauthorised observers, who, although beyond ear-shot, must have been enabled by the generous breadth of Italian gesture to follow the tangled thread of the piece. It was all deliciously Italian—the mixture of old life and new, the mountebank's booth (it was hardly more) grafted on the antique circus, the dominant presence of a mighty

architecture, the loungers and idlers beneath the kindly sky and upon the sun-warmed stones. I never felt more keenly the difference between the background to life in very old and very new civilisations. There are other things in Verona to make it a liberal education to be born there, though that it is one for the contemporary Veronese I don't pretend to say. The Tombs of the Scaligers, with their soaring pinnacles, their high-poised canopies, their exquisite refinement and concentration of the Gothic idea, I can't profess, even after much worshipful gazing, to have fully comprehended and enjoyed. They seemed to me full of deep architectural meanings, such as must drop gently into the mind one by one, after infinite tranquil contemplation. But even to the hurried and preoccupied traveller the solemn little chapel-yard in the city's heart, in which they stand girdled by their great swaying curtain of linked and twisted iron, is one of the most impressive spots in Italy. Nowhere else is such a wealth of artistic achievement crowded into so narrow a space; nowhere else are the daily comings and goings of men blessed by the presence of manlier art. Verona is rich furthermore in beautiful churches—several with beautiful names: San Fermo, Santa Anastasia, San Zenone. This last is a structure of high antiquity and of the most impressive loveliness. The nave terminates in a double choir, that is a sub-choir or crypt into which you descend and where you wander among primitive columns whose variously grotesque capitals rise hardly higher than your head, and an upper choral plane reached by broad stairways of the bravest effect. I shall never forget the impression of majestic chastity that I received from the great nave of the building on my former visit. I then decided to my satisfaction that every church is from the devotional point of view a solecism that has not something of a similar absolute felicity of proportion; for strictly formal beauty seems best to express our conception of spiritual beauty. The nobly serious character of San Zenone is deepened by its single picture—a masterpiece of the most serious of painters, the severe and exquisite Mantegna.

1872

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## A MOUNTAIN TOWN IN FRANCE -A FRAGMENT

1879

from: **Essays of Travel** by Robert Louis Stevenson

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Originally intended to serve as the opening chapter of 'Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes.'

Le Monastier is the chief place of a hilly canton in Haute Loire, the ancient Velay. As the name betokens, the town is of monastic origin; and it still contains a towered bulk of monastery and a church of some architectural pretensions, the seat of an arch-priest and several vicars. It stands on the side of hill above the river Gazeille, about fifteen miles from Le Puy, up a steep road where the wolves sometime pursue the diligence in winter. The road, which is bound for Vivarais, passes through the town from end to end in a single narrow street; there you may see the fountain where women fill their pitchers; there also some old houses with carved doors and pediment and ornamental work in iron. For Monastier, like Maybole in Ayrshire, was a sort of country capital, where the local aristocracy had their town mansions for the winter; and there is a certain baron still alive and, I am told, extremely penitent, who found means to ruin himself by high living in this village on the hills. He certainly has claims to be considered the most remarkable spendthrift on record. How he set about it, in a place where there are no luxuries for sale, and where the board at the best inn comes to little more than a shilling a day, is a problem for the wise. His son, ruined as the family was, went as far as Paris to sow his wild oats; and so the cases of father and son mark an epoch in the history of centralisation in France. Not until the latter had got into the train was the work of Richelieu complete.

It is a people of lace-makers. The women sit in the streets by groups of five or six; and the noise of the bobbins is audible from one group to another. Now and then you will hear one woman clattering off prayers for the edification of the others at their work. They wear gaudy shawls, white caps with a gay ribbon about the head, and sometimes a black felt brigand hat above the cap; and so they give the street colour and brightness and a foreign air. A while ago, when England largely supplied herself from this district with the lace called torchon, it was not unusual to earn five francs a day; and five francs in Monastier is worth a pound in London. Now, from a change in the market, it takes a clever and industrious work-woman to earn from three to four in the week, or less than an eighth of what she made easily a few years ago. The tide of prosperity came and went, as with our northern pitmen, and left nobody the richer. The women bravely squandered their gains, kept the men in idleness, and gave themselves up, as I was told, to sweethearting and a merry life. From week's end to week's end it was one continuous gala in Monastier; people spent the day in the wine-shops, and the drum or the bagpipes led on the bourrées up to ten at night. Now these dancing days are over. 'Il n'y a plus de jeunesse,' said Victor the garçon. I hear of no great advance in what are thought the essentials of morality; but the bourrée, with its rambling, sweet, interminable music, and alert and rustic figures, has fallen into disuse, and is mostly remembered as a custom of the past. Only on the occasion of the fair shall you hear a drum discreetly in a wine-shop or perhaps one of the company singing the measure while the others dance. I am sorry at the change, and marvel once more at the complicated scheme of things upon this earth, and how a turn of fashion in England can silence so much mountain merriment in France. The lace-makers themselves have not entirely forgiven our country-women; and I think they take a special pleasure in the legend of the northern quarter of the town, called L'Anglade, because there the English free-lances were arrested and driven back by the potency of a little Virgin Mary on the wall.



From time to time a market is held, and the town has a season of revival; cattle and pigs are stabled in the streets; and pickpockets have been known to come all the way from Lyons for the occasion. Every Sunday the country folk throng in with daylight to buy apples, to attend mass, and to visit one of the wine-shops, of which there are no fewer than fifty in this little town. Sunday wear for the men is a green tailcoat of some coarse sort of drugget, and usually a complete suit to match. I have never set eyes on such degrading raiment. Here it clings, there bulges; and the human body, with its agreeable and lively lines, is turned into a mockery and laughing-stock. Another piece of Sunday business with the peasants is to take their ailments to the chemist for advice. It is as much a matter for Sunday as church-going. I have seen a woman who had been unable to speak since the Monday before, wheezing, catching her breath, endlessly and painfully coughing; and yet she had waited upwards of a hundred hours before coming to seek help, and had the week been twice as long, she would have waited still. There was a canonical day for consultation; such was the ancestral habit, to which a respectable lady must study to conform.

Two conveyances go daily to Le Puy, but they rival each other in polite concessions rather than in speed. Each will wait an hour or two hours cheerfully while an old lady does her marketing or a gentleman finishes the papers in a café. The Courier (such is the name of one) should leave Le Puy by two in the afternoon and arrive at Monastier in good time on the return voyage, and arrive at Monastier in good time for a six-o'clock dinner. But the driver dares not disoblige his customers. He will postpone his departure again and again, hour after hour; and I have known the sun to go down on his delay. These purely personal favours, this consideration of men's fancies, rather than the hands of a mechanical clock, as marking the advance of the abstraction, time, makes a more humorous business of stage-coaching than we are used to see it.

As far as the eye can reach, one swelling line of hill top rises and falls behind another; and if you climb an eminence, it is only to see new and father ranges behind these. Many little rivers run from all sides in cliffy valleys; and one of them, a few miles from Monastier, bears the great name of Loire. The mean level of the country is a little more than three thousand feet above the sea, which makes the atmosphere proportionally brisk and wholesome. There is little timber except pines, and the greater part of the country lies in moorland pasture. The country is wild and tumbled rather than commanding; an upland rather than a mountain district; and the most striking as well as the most agreeable scenery lies low beside the rivers. There, indeed, you will find many corners that take the fancy; such as made the English noble choose his grave by a Swiss streamlet, where nature is at her freshest, and looks as young as on the seventh morning. Such a place is the course of the Gazeille, where it waters the common of Monastier and thence downwards till it joins the Loire; a place to hear birds singing; a place for lovers to frequent. The name of the river was perhaps suggested by the sound of its passage over the stones; for it is a great warbler, and at night, after I was in bed at Monastier, I could hear it go singing down the valley till I fell asleep.

On the whole, this is a Scottish landscape, although not so noble as the best in Scotland; and by an odd coincidence, the population is, in its way, as Scottish as the country. They have abrupt, uncouth, Fife shire manners, and accost you, as if you were trespassing, an 'Où'st-ce que vous allez?' only translatable into the Lowland 'Whaur ye gaun?' They keep the Scottish Sabbath. There is no labour done on that day but to drive in and out the various pigs and sheep and cattle that make so pleasant a tinkling in the meadows. The lace-makers have disappeared from the street. Not to attend mass would involve social degradation; and you may find people reading Sunday books, in particular a sort of Catholic Monthly Visitor on the doings of Our Lady of Lourdes. I remember one Sunday, when I was walking in the country, that I fell on a hamlet and found all the inhabitants, from the patriarch to the

baby, gathered in the shadow of a gable at prayer. One strapping lass stood with her back to the wall and did the solo part, the rest chiming in devoutly. Not far off, a lad lay flat on his face asleep among some straw, to represent the worldly element.

Again, this people is eager to proselytise; and the postmaster's daughter used to argue with me by the half-hour about my heresy, until she grew quite flushed. I have heard the reverse process going on between a Scotswoman and a French girl; and the arguments in the two cases were identical. Each apostle based her claim on the superior virtue and attainments of her clergy, and clenched the business with a threat of hell-fire. 'Pas bong prêtres ici,' said the Presbyterian, 'bong prêtres en Ecosse.' And the postmaster's daughter, taking up the same weapon, plied me, so to speak, with the butt of it instead of the bayonet. We are a hopeful race, it seems, and easily persuaded for our good. One cheerful circumstance I note in these guerilla missions, that each side relies on hell, and Protestant and Catholic alike address themselves to a supposed misgiving in their adversary's heart. And I call it cheerful, for faith is a more supporting quality than imagination.

Here, as in Scotland, many peasant families boast a son in holy orders. And here also, the young men have a tendency to emigrate. It is certainly not poverty that drives them to the great cities or across the seas, for many peasant families, I was told, have a fortune of at least 40,000 francs. The lads go forth pricked with the spirit of adventure and the desire to rise in life, and leave their homespun elders grumbling and wondering over the event. Once, at a village called Laussonne, I met one of these disappointed parents: a drake who had fathered a wild swan and seen it take wing and disappear. The wild swan in question was now an apothecary in Brazil. He had flown by way of Bordeaux, and first landed in America, bareheaded and barefoot, and with a single halfpenny in his pocket. And now he was an apothecary! Such a wonderful thing is an adventurous life! I thought he might as well have stayed at home; but you never can tell wherein a man's life consists, nor in what he sets his pleasure: one to drink, another to marry, a third to write scurrilous articles and be repeatedly caned in public, and now this fourth, perhaps, to be an apothecary in Brazil. As for his old father, he could conceive no reason for the lad's behaviour. 'I had always bread for him,' he said; 'he ran away to annoy me. He loved to annoy me. He had no gratitude.' But at heart he was swelling with pride over his travelled offspring, and he produced a letter out of his pocket, where, as he said, it was rotting, a mere lump of paper rags, and waved it gloriously in the air. 'This comes from America,' he cried, 'six thousand leagues away!' And the wine-shop audience looked upon it with a certain thrill.

I soon became a popular figure, and was known for miles in the country. *Où'st que vous allez?* was changed for me into *Quoi, vous rentrez au Monastier* and in the town itself every urchin seemed to know my name, although no living creature could pronounce it. There was one particular group of lace-makers who brought out a chair for me whenever I went by, and detained me from my walk to gossip. They were filled with curiosity about England, its language, its religion, the dress of the women, and were never weary of seeing the Queen's head on English postage-stamps, or seeking for French words in English Journals. The language, in particular, filled them with surprise.

'Do they speak patois in England?' I was once asked; and when I told them not, 'Ah, then, French?' said they.

'No, no,' I said, 'not French.'

'Then,' they concluded, 'they speak patois.'

You must obviously either speak French or patois. Talk of the force of logic—here it was in all its weakness. I gave up the point, but proceeding to give illustrations of my native jargon, I was met with a new mortification. Of all patois they declared that mine was the most preposterous and the most jocose in sound. At each new word there was a new explosion of laughter, and some of the younger ones were glad to rise from their chairs and stamp about the street in ecstasy; and I looked on upon their mirth in a faint and slightly disagreeable bewilderment. ‘Bread,’ which sounds a commonplace, plain-sailing monosyllable in England, was the word that most delighted these good ladies of Monastier; it seemed to them frolicsome and racy, like a page of *Pickwick*; and they all got it carefully by heart, as a stand-by, I presume, for winter evenings. I have tried it since then with every sort of accent and inflection, but I seem to lack the sense of humour.

They were of all ages: children at their first web of lace, a stripling girl with a bashful but encouraging play of eyes, solid married women, and grandmothers, some on the top of their age and some falling towards decrepitude. One and all were pleasant and natural, ready to laugh and ready with a certain quiet solemnity when that was called for by the subject of our talk. Life, since the fall in wages, had begun to appear to them with a more serious air. The stripling girl would sometimes laugh at me in a provocative and not unadmiring manner, if I judge aright; and one of the grandmothers, who was my great friend of the party, gave me many a sharp word of judgment on my sketches, my heresy, or even my arguments, and gave them with a wry mouth and a humorous twinkle in her eye that were eminently Scottish. But the rest used me with a certain reverence, as something come from afar and not entirely human. Nothing would put them at their ease but the irresistible gaiety of my native tongue. Between the old lady and myself I think there was a real attachment. She was never weary of sitting to me for her portrait, in her best cap and brigand hat, and with all her wrinkles tidily composed, and though she never failed to repudiate the result, she would always insist upon another trial. It was as good as a play to see her sitting in judgment over the last. ‘No, no,’ she would say, ‘that is not it. I am old, to be sure, but I am better-looking than that. We must try again.’ When I was about to leave she bade me good-bye for this life in a somewhat touching manner. We should not meet again, she said; it was a long farewell, and she was sorry. But life is so full of crooks, old lady, that who knows? I have said good-bye to people for greater distances and times, and, please God, I mean to see them yet again.

One thing was notable about these women, from the youngest to the oldest, and with hardly an exception. In spite of their piety, they could twang off an oath with Sir Toby Belch in person. There was nothing so high or so low, in heaven or earth or in the human body, but a woman of this neighbourhood would whip out the name of it, fair and square, by way of conversational adornment. My landlady, who was pretty and young, dressed like a lady and avoided patois like a weakness, commonly addressed her child in the language of a drunken bully. And of all the swearers that I ever heard, commend me to an old lady in Gondet, a village of the Loire. I was making a sketch, and her curse was not yet ended when I had finished it and took my departure. It is true she had a right to be angry; for here was her son, a hulking fellow, visibly the worse for drink before the day was well begun. But it was strange to hear her unwearying flow of oaths and obscenities, endless like a river, and now and then rising to a passionate shrillness, in the clear and silent air of the morning. In city slums, the thing might have passed unnoticed; but in a country valley, and from a plain and honest countrywoman, this beastliness of speech surprised the ear.

The Conductor, as he is called, of Roads and Bridges was my principal companion. He was generally intelligent, and could have spoken more or less falsetto on any of the trite topics; but it was his specially to have a generous taste in eating. This was what was most indigenous in the man; it was here he was an artist; and I found in his company what I had long suspected, that enthusiasm and special knowledge

are the great social qualities, and what they are about, whether white sauce or Shakespeare's plays, an altogether secondary question.

I used to accompany the Conductor on his professional rounds, and grew to believe myself an expert in the business. I thought I could make an entry in a stone-breaker's time-book, or order manure off the wayside with any living engineer in France. Gondet was one of the places we visited together; and Laussonne, where I met the apothecary's father, was another. There, at Laussonne, George Sand spent a day while she was gathering materials for the Marquis de Villemer; and I have spoken with an old man, who was then a child running about the inn kitchen, and who still remembers her with a sort of reverence. It appears that he spoke French imperfectly; for this reason George Sand chose him for companion, and whenever he let slip a broad and picturesque phrase in patois, she would make him repeat it again and again till it was graven in her memory. The word for a frog particularly pleased her fancy; and it would be curious to know if she afterwards employed it in her works. The peasants, who knew nothing of betters and had never so much as heard of local colour, could not explain her chattering with this backward child; and to them she seemed a very homely lady and far from beautiful: the most famous man-killer of the age appealed so little to Velaisian swine-herds!

On my first engineering excursion, which lay up by Crouzials towards Mount Mezenc and the borders of Ardèche, I began an improving acquaintance with the foreman road-mender. He was in great glee at having me with him, passed me off among his subalterns as the supervising engineer, and insisted on what he called 'the gallantry' of paying for my breakfast in a roadside wine-shop. On the whole, he was a man of great weather-wisdom, some spirits, and a social temper. But I am afraid he was superstitious. When he was nine years old, he had seen one night a company of bourgeois et dames qui faisaient la manège avec des chaises, and concluded that he was in the presence of a witches' Sabbath. I suppose, but venture with timidity on the suggestion, that this may have been a romantic and nocturnal picnic party. Again, coming from Pradelles with his brother, they saw a great empty cart drawn by six enormous horses before them on the road. The driver cried aloud and filled the mountains with the cracking of his whip. He never seemed to go faster than a walk, yet it was impossible to overtake him; and at length, at the corner of a hill, the whole equipage disappeared bodily into the night. At the time, people said it was the devil qui s'amusa à faire ça.

I suggested there was nothing more likely, as he must have some amusement.

The foreman said it was odd, but there was less of that sort of thing than formerly. 'C'est difficile,' he added, 'à expliquer.'

When we were well up on the moors and the Conductor was trying some road-metal with the gauge—

'Hark!' said the foreman, 'do you hear nothing?'

We listened, and the wind, which was blowing chilly out of the east, brought a faint, tangled jangling to our ears.

'It is the flocks of Vivarais,' said he.

For every summer, the flocks out of all Ardèche are brought up to pasture on these grassy plateaux.

Here and there a little private flock was being tended by a girl, one spinning with a distaff, another seated on a wall and intently making lace. This last, when we addressed her, leaped up in a panic and put out her arms, like a person swimming, to keep us at a distance, and it was some seconds before we could persuade her of the honesty of our intentions.

The Conductor told me of another herdsman from whom he had once asked his road while he was yet new to the country, and who fled from him, driving her beasts before her, until he had given up the information in despair. A tale of old lawlessness may yet be read in these uncouth timidities.

The winter in these uplands is a dangerous and melancholy time. Houses are snowed up, and way-farers lost in a flurry within hail of their own fireside. No man ventures abroad without meat and a bottle of wine, which he replenishes at every wine-shop; and even thus equipped he takes the road with terror. All day the family sits about the fire in a foul and airless hovel, and equally without work or diversion. The father may carve a rude piece of furniture, but that is all that will be done until the spring sets in again, and along with it the labours of the field. It is not for nothing that you find a clock in the meanest of these mountain habitations. A clock and an almanac, you would fancy, were indispensable in such a life . . .

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# FRENCH POETRY

from

The Project Gutenberg EBook of

**Les chansons de Bilitis**, by Pierre Louÿs

Posting Date: June 10, 2012 EBook #4708

## 43 -- LE SERMENT

« Lorsque l'eau des fleuves remontera  
jusqu'aux sommets couverts de neiges;  
lorsqu'on sèmera l'orge et le blé dans  
les sillons mouvants de la mer;

« Lorsque les pins naîtront des lacs et les  
néufars des rochers, lorsque le soleil  
deviendra noir, lorsque la lune tombera sur  
l'herbe.

« Alors, mais alors seulement, je prendrai  
une autre femme, et je t'oublierai, Bilitis,  
âme de ma vie, coeur de mon coeur. »

Il me l'a dit, il me l'a dit! Que m'importe  
le reste du monde! Où es-tu, bonheur insensé  
qui te compares à mon bonheur!

## 44 -- LA NUIT

C'est moi maintenant qui le recherche.  
Chaque nuit, très doucement, je quitte la  
maison, et je vais par une longue route,  
jusqu'à sa prairie, le regarder dormir.

Quelquefois je reste longtemps sans parler,  
heureuse de le voir seulement, et j'approche  
mes lèvres des siennes, pour ne baiser que  
son haleine.

Puis tout à coup je m'étends sur lui. Il se  
réveille dans mes bras, et il ne peut plus se  
relever car je lutte! Il renonce, et rit, et  
m'étreint. Ainsi nous jouons dans la nuit.

... Première aube, ô clarté méchante, toi déjà! En quel antre toujours nocturne, sur quelle prairie souterraine pourrons-nous si longtemps aimer, que nous perdions ton souvenir...

#### 45 -- BERCEUSE

Dors: j'ai demandé à Sardes tes jouets, et tes vêtements à Babylone. Dors, tu es fille de Bilitis et d'un roi du soleil levant.

Les bois, ce sont les palais qu'on bâtit pour toi seule et que je t'ai donnés. Les troncs des pins, ce sont les colonnes; les hautes branches, ce sont les voûtes.

Dors. Pour qu'il ne t'éveille pas, je vendrais le soleil à la mer. Le vent des ailes de la colombe est moins léger que ton haleine.

Fille de moi, chair de ma chair, tu diras quand tu ouvriras les yeux, si tu veux la plaine ou la ville, ou la montagne ou la lune, ou le cortège blanc des dieux.

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# CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

3 from **Just So Stories**, by Rudyard Kipling  
Ebook #2781

## HOW THE LEOPARD GOT HIS SPOTS

IN the days when everybody started fair, Best Beloved, the Leopard lived in a place called the High Veldt. 'Member it wasn't the Low Veldt, or the Bush Veldt, or the Sour Veldt, but the 'sclusively bare, hot, shiny High Veldt, where there was sand and sandy-coloured rock and 'sclusively tufts of sandy-yellowish grass. The Giraffe and the Zebra and the Eland and the Koodoo and the Hartebeest lived there; and they were 'sclusively sandy-yellow-brownish all over; but the Leopard, he was the 'sclusivest sandiest-yellowish-brownest of them all—a greyish-yellowish catty-shaped kind of beast, and he matched the 'sclusively yellowish-greyish-brownish colour of the High Veldt to one hair. This was very bad for the Giraffe and the Zebra and the rest of them; for he would lie down by a 'sclusively yellowish-greyish-brownish stone or clump of grass, and when the Giraffe or the Zebra or the Eland or the Koodoo or the Bush-Buck or the Bonte-Buck came by he would surprise them out of their jumpsome lives. He would indeed! And, also, there was an Ethiopian with bows and arrows (a 'sclusively greyish-brownish-yellowish man he was then), who lived on the High Veldt with the Leopard; and the two used to hunt together—the Ethiopian with his bows and arrows, and the Leopard 'sclusively with his teeth and claws—till the Giraffe and the Eland and the Koodoo and the Quagga and all the rest of them didn't know which way to jump, Best Beloved. They didn't indeed!

After a long time—things lived for ever so long in those days—they learned to avoid anything that looked like a Leopard or an Ethiopian; and bit by bit—the Giraffe began it, because his legs were the longest—they went away from the High Veldt. They scuttled for days and days and days till they came to a great forest, 'sclusively full of trees and bushes and stripy, speckly, patchy-blatchy shadows, and there they hid: and after another long time, what with standing half in the shade and half out of it, and what with the slippery-slidy shadows of the trees falling on them, the Giraffe grew blotchy, and the Zebra grew stripy, and the Eland and the Koodoo grew darker, with little wavy grey lines on their backs like bark on a tree trunk; and so, though you could hear them and smell them, you could very seldom see them, and then only when you knew precisely where to look. They had a beautiful time in the 'sclusively speckly-spickly shadows of the forest, while the Leopard and the Ethiopian ran about over the 'sclusively greyish-yellowish-reddish High Veldt outside, wondering where all their breakfasts and their dinners and their teas had gone. At last they were so hungry that they ate rats and beetles and rock-rabbits, the Leopard and the Ethiopian, and then they had the Big Tummy-ache, both together; and then they met Baviaan—the dog-headed, barking Baboon, who is Quite the Wisest Animal in All South Africa.

Said Leopard to Baviaan (and it was a very hot day), 'Where has all the game gone?'

And Baviaan winked. He knew.

Said the Ethiopian to Baviaan, 'Can you tell me the present habitat of the aboriginal Fauna?' (That meant just the same thing, but the Ethiopian always used long words. He was a grown-up.)

And Baviaan winked. He knew.

Then said Baviaan, 'The game has gone into other spots; and my advice to you, Leopard, is to go into other spots as soon as you can.'

And the Ethiopian said, 'That is all very fine, but I wish to know whither the aboriginal Fauna has migrated.'

Then said Baviaan, 'The aboriginal Fauna has joined the aboriginal Flora because it was high time for a change; and my advice to you, Ethiopian, is to change as soon as you can.'



That puzzled the Leopard and the Ethiopian, but they set off to look for the aboriginal Flora, and presently, after ever so many days, they saw a great, high, tall forest full of tree trunks all 'sclusively speckled and sprottled and spottled, dotted and splashed and slashed and hatched and cross-hatched with shadows. (Say that quickly aloud, and you will see how very shadowy the forest must have been.)

'What is this,' said the Leopard, 'that is so 'sclusively dark, and yet so full of little pieces of light?'

'I don't know,' said the Ethiopian, 'but it ought to be the aboriginal Flora. I can smell Giraffe, and I can hear Giraffe, but I can't see Giraffe.'

'That's curious,' said the Leopard. 'I suppose it is because we have just come in out of the sunshine. I can smell Zebra, and I can hear Zebra, but I can't see Zebra.'

'Wait a bit,' said the Ethiopian. 'It's a long time since we've hunted 'em. Perhaps we've forgotten what they were like.'

'Fiddle!' said the Leopard. 'I remember them perfectly on the High Veldt, especially their marrow-bones. Giraffe is about seventeen feet high, of a 'sclusively fulvous golden-yellow from head to heel; and Zebra is about four and a half feet high, of a 'sclusively grey-fawn colour from head to heel.'

'Umm,' said the Ethiopian, looking into the speckly-spickly shadows of the aboriginal Flora-forest. 'Then they ought to show up in this dark place like ripe bananas in a smokehouse.'

But they didn't. The Leopard and the Ethiopian hunted all day; and though they could smell them and hear them, they never saw one of them.

'For goodness' sake,' said the Leopard at tea-time, 'let us wait till it gets dark. This daylight hunting is a perfect scandal.'

So they waited till dark, and then the Leopard heard something breathing sniffily in the starlight that fell all stripy through the branches, and he jumped at the noise, and it smelt like Zebra, and it felt like Zebra, and when he knocked it down it kicked like Zebra, but he couldn't see it. So he said, 'Be quiet, O you person without any form. I am going to sit on your head till morning, because there is something about you that I don't understand.'

Presently he heard a grunt and a crash and a scramble, and the Ethiopian called out, 'I've caught a thing that I can't see. It smells like Giraffe, and it kicks like Giraffe, but it hasn't any form.'

'Don't you trust it,' said the Leopard. 'Sit on its head till the morning—same as me. They haven't any form—any of 'em.'

So they sat down on them hard till bright morning-time, and then Leopard said, 'What have you at your end of the table, Brother?'

The Ethiopian scratched his head and said, 'It ought to be 'sclusively a rich fulvous orange-tawny from head to heel, and it ought to be Giraffe; but it is covered all over with chestnut blotches. What have you at your end of the table, Brother?'

And the Leopard scratched his head and said, 'It ought to be 'sclusively a delicate greyish-fawn, and it ought to be Zebra; but it is covered all over with black and purple stripes. What in the world have you been doing to yourself, Zebra? Don't you know that if you were on the High Veldt I could see you ten miles off? You haven't any form.'

'Yes,' said the Zebra, 'but this isn't the High Veldt. Can't you see?'

'I can now,' said the Leopard. 'But I couldn't all yesterday. How is it done?'

'Let us up,' said the Zebra, 'and we will show you.'

They let the Zebra and the Giraffe get up; and Zebra moved away to some little thorn-bushes where the sunlight fell all stripy, and Giraffe moved off to some tallish trees where the shadows fell all blotchy.

'Now watch,' said the Zebra and the Giraffe. 'This is the way it's done. One—two—three! And where's your breakfast?'

Leopard stared, and Ethiopian stared, but all they could see were stripy shadows and blotched shadows in the forest, but never a sign of Zebra and Giraffe. They had just walked off and hidden themselves in the shadowy forest.

'Hi! Hi!' said the Ethiopian. 'That's a trick worth learning. Take a lesson by it, Leopard. You show up in this dark place like a bar of soap in a coal-scuttle.'

'Ho! Ho!' said the Leopard. 'Would it surprise you very much to know that you show up in this dark place like a mustard-plaster on a sack of coals?'

'Well, calling names won't catch dinner, said the Ethiopian. 'The long and the little of it is that we don't match our backgrounds. I'm going to take Baviaan's advice. He told me I ought to change; and as I've nothing to change except my skin I'm going to change that.'

'What to?' said the Leopard, tremendously excited.

'To a nice working blackish-brownish colour, with a little purple in it, and touches of slaty-blue. It will be the very thing for hiding in hollows and behind trees.'

So he changed his skin then and there, and the Leopard was more excited than ever; he had never seen a man change his skin before.

'But what about me?' he said, when the Ethiopian had worked his last little finger into his fine new black skin.

'You take Baviaan's advice too. He told you to go into spots.'

'So I did,' said the Leopard. I went into other spots as fast as I could. I went into this spot with you, and a lot of good it has done me.'

'Oh,' said the Ethiopian, 'Baviaan didn't mean spots in South Africa. He meant spots on your skin.'

'What's the use of that?' said the Leopard.

'Think of Giraffe,' said the Ethiopian. 'Or if you prefer stripes, think of Zebra. They find their spots and stripes give them per-feet satisfaction.'

'Umm,' said the Leopard. 'I wouldn't look like Zebra—not for ever so.'

'Well, make up your mind,' said the Ethiopian, 'because I'd hate to go hunting without you, but I must if you insist on looking like a sun-flower against a tarred fence.'

'I'll take spots, then,' said the Leopard; 'but don't make 'em too vulgar-big. I wouldn't look like Giraffe—not for ever so.'

'I'll make 'em with the tips of my fingers,' said the Ethiopian. 'There's plenty of black left on my skin still. Stand over!'

Then the Ethiopian put his five fingers close together (there was plenty of black left on his new skin still) and pressed them all over the Leopard, and wherever the five fingers touched they left five little black marks, all close together. You can see them on any Leopard's skin you like, Best Beloved. Sometimes the fingers slipped and the marks got a little blurred; but if you look closely at any Leopard now you will see that there are always five spots—off five fat black finger-tips.

'Now you are a beauty!' said the Ethiopian. 'You can lie out on the bare ground and look like a heap of pebbles. You can lie out on the naked rocks and look like a piece of pudding-stone. You can lie out on a leafy branch and look like sunshine sifting through the leaves; and you can lie right across the centre of a path and look like nothing in particular. Think of that and purr!'

'But if I'm all this,' said the Leopard, 'why didn't you go spotty too?'

'Oh, plain black's best for a nigger,' said the Ethiopian. 'Now come along and we'll see if we can't get even with Mr. One-Two-Three Where's your Breakfast!'

So they went away and lived happily ever afterward, Best Beloved. That is all.

Oh, now and then you will hear grown-ups say, 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the Leopard his spots?' I don't think even grown-ups would keep on saying such a silly thing if the Leopard and the Ethiopian hadn't done it once—do you? But they will never do it again, Best Beloved. They are quite contented as they are.

I AM the Most Wise Baviaan, saying in most wise tones,

'Let us melt into the landscape—just us two by our lones.'

People have come—in a carriage—calling. But Mummy is there....

Yes, I can go if you take me—Nurse says she don't care.  
Let's go up to the pig-sties and sit on the farmyard rails!  
Let's say things to the bunnies, and watch 'em skitter their tails!  
Let's—oh, anything, daddy, so long as it's you and me,  
And going truly exploring, and not being in till tea!  
Here's your boots (I've brought 'em), and here's your cap and stick,  
And here's your pipe and tobacco. Oh, come along out of it—quick.

## THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD

IN the High and Far-Off Times the Elephant, O Best Beloved, had no trunk. He had only a blackish, bulgy nose, as big as a boot, that he could wriggle about from side to side; but he couldn't pick up things with it. But there was one Elephant—a new Elephant—an Elephant's Child—who was full of 'satiableness', and that means he asked ever so many questions. And he lived in Africa, and he filled all Africa with his 'satiableness'. He asked his tall aunt, the Ostrich, why her tail-feathers grew just so, and his tall aunt the Ostrich spanked him with her hard, hard claw. He asked his tall uncle, the Giraffe, what made his skin spotty, and his tall uncle, the Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof. And still he was full of 'satiableness'! He asked his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, why her eyes were red, and his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, spanked him with her broad, broad hoof; and he asked his hairy uncle, the Baboon, why melons tasted just so, and his hairy uncle, the Baboon, spanked him with his hairy, hairy paw. And still he was full of 'satiableness'! He asked questions about everything that he saw, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or touched, and all his uncles and his aunts spanked him. And still he was full of 'satiableness'!

One fine morning in the middle of the Precession of the Equinoxes this 'satiableness' Elephant's Child asked a new fine question that he had never asked before. He asked, 'What does the Crocodile have for dinner?' Then everybody said, 'Hush!' in a loud and dretful tone, and they spanked him immediately and directly, without stopping, for a long time.

By and by, when that was finished, he came upon Kolokolo Bird sitting in the middle of a wait-a-bit thorn-bush, and he said, 'My father has spanked me, and my mother has spanked me; all my aunts and uncles have spanked me for my 'satiableness'; and still I want to know what the Crocodile has for dinner!'

Then Kolokolo Bird said, with a mournful cry, 'Go to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, and find out.'

That very next morning, when there was nothing left of the Equinoxes, because the Precession had preceded according to precedent, this 'satiableness' Elephant's Child took a hundred pounds of bananas (the little short red kind), and a hundred pounds of sugar-cane (the long purple kind), and seventeen melons (the greeny-crackly kind), and said to all his dear families, 'Goodbye. I am going to the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to find out what the Crocodile has for dinner.' And they all spanked him once more for luck, though he asked them most politely to stop.

Then he went away, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up.

He went from Graham's Town to Kimberley, and from Kimberley to Khama's Country, and from Khama's Country he went east by north, eating melons all the time, till at last he came to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, precisely as Kolokolo Bird had said.

Now you must know and understand, O Best Beloved, that till that very week, and day, and hour, and minute, this 'satiabable Elephant's Child had never seen a Crocodile, and did not know what one was like. It was all his 'satiabable curiosity.

The first thing that he found was a Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake curled round a rock.

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, 'but have you seen such a thing as a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?'

'Have I seen a Crocodile?' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, in a voice of dretful scorn. 'What will you ask me next?'

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, 'but could you kindly tell me what he has for dinner?'

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake uncoiled himself very quickly from the rock, and spanked the Elephant's Child with his scalesome, flailsome tail.

'That is odd,' said the Elephant's Child, 'because my father and my mother, and my uncle and my aunt, not to mention my other aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my other uncle, the Baboon, have all spanked me for my 'satiabable curiosity—and I suppose this is the same thing.

So he said good-bye very politely to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, and helped to coil him up on the rock again, and went on, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up, till he trod on what he thought was a log of wood at the very edge of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees.

But it was really the Crocodile, O Best Beloved, and the Crocodile winked one eye—like this!

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, 'but do you happen to have seen a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?'

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye, and lifted half his tail out of the mud; and the Elephant's Child stepped back most politely, because he did not wish to be spanked again.

'Come hither, Little One,' said the Crocodile. 'Why do you ask such things?'

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, 'but my father has spanked me, my mother has spanked me, not to mention my tall aunt, the Ostrich, and my tall uncle, the Giraffe, who can kick ever so hard, as well as my broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my hairy uncle, the Baboon, and including the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, with the scalesome, flailsome tail, just up the bank, who spansks harder than any of them; and so, if it's quite all the same to you, I don't want to be spanked any more.'

'Come hither, Little One,' said the Crocodile, 'for I am the Crocodile,' and he wept crocodile-tears to show it was quite true.

Then the Elephant's Child grew all breathless, and panted, and kneeled down on the bank and said, 'You are the very person I have been looking for all these long days. Will you please tell me what you have for dinner?'

'Come hither, Little One,' said the Crocodile, 'and I'll whisper.'

Then the Elephant's Child put his head down close to the Crocodile's musky, tusky mouth, and the Crocodile caught him by his little nose, which up to that very week, day, hour, and minute, had been no bigger than a boot, though much more useful.

'I think,' said the Crocodile—and he said it between his teeth, like this—'I think to-day I will begin with Elephant's Child!'

At this, O Best Beloved, the Elephant's Child was much annoyed, and he said, speaking through his nose, like this, 'Led go! You are hurtig be!'

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake scuffled down from the bank and said, 'My young friend, if you do not now, immediately and instantly, pull as hard as ever you can, it is my opinion that your acquaintance in the large-pattern leather ulster' (and by this he meant the Crocodile) 'will jerk you into yonder limpid stream before you can say Jack Robinson.'

This is the way Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

Then the Elephant's Child sat back on his little haunches, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose began to stretch. And the Crocodile floundered into the water, making it all creamy with great sweeps of his tail, and he pulled, and pulled, and pulled.

And the Elephant's Child's nose kept on stretching; and the Elephant's Child spread all his little four legs and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose kept on stretching; and the Crocodile threshed his tail like an oar, and he pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and at each pull the Elephant's Child's nose grew longer and longer—and it hurt him hijjus!

Then the Elephant's Child felt his legs slipping, and he said through his nose, which was now nearly five feet long, 'This is too butch for be!'

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake came down from the bank, and knotted himself in a double-clove-hitch round the Elephant's Child's hind legs, and said, 'Rash and inexperienced traveller, we will now seriously devote ourselves to a little high tension, because if we do not, it is my impression that yonder self-propelling man-of-war with the armour-plated upper deck' (and by this, O Best Beloved, he meant the Crocodile), 'will permanently vitiate your future career.

That is the way all Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

So he pulled, and the Elephant's Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled; but the Elephant's Child and the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake pulled hardest; and at last the Crocodile let go of the Elephant's Child's nose with a plop that you could hear all up and down the Limpopo.

Then the Elephant's Child sat down most hard and sudden; but first he was careful to say 'Thank you' to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake; and next he was kind to his poor pulled nose, and wrapped it all up in cool banana leaves, and hung it in the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo to cool.

'What are you doing that for?' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

'Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child, 'but my nose is badly out of shape, and I am waiting for it to shrink.

'Then you will have to wait a long time, said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. 'Some people do not know what is good for them.'

The Elephant's Child sat there for three days waiting for his nose to shrink. But it never grew any shorter, and, besides, it made him squint. For, O Best Beloved, you will see and understand that the Crocodile had pulled it out into a really truly trunk same as all Elephants have to-day.

At the end of the third day a fly came and stung him on the shoulder, and before he knew what he was doing he lifted up his trunk and hit that fly dead with the end of it.

'Vantage number one!' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. 'You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Try and eat a little now.'

Before he thought what he was doing the Elephant's Child put out his trunk and plucked a large bundle of grass, dusted it clean against his fore-legs, and stuffed it into his own mouth.

'Vantage number two!' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. 'You couldn't have done that with a mear-smear nose. Don't you think the sun is very hot here?'

'It is,' said the Elephant's Child, and before he thought what he was doing he schlooped up a schloop of mud from the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo, and slapped it on his head, where it made a cool schloopy-sloschy mud-cap all trickly behind his ears.

'Vantage number three!' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. 'You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Now how do you feel about being spanked again?'

'Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child, 'but I should not like it at all.'

'How would you like to spank somebody?' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

'I should like it very much indeed,' said the Elephant's Child.

'Well,' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, 'you will find that new nose of yours very useful to spank people with.'

'Thank you,' said the Elephant's Child, 'I'll remember that; and now I think I'll go home to all my dear families and try.'

So the Elephant's Child went home across Africa frisking and whisking his trunk. When he wanted fruit to eat he pulled fruit down from a tree, instead of waiting for it to fall as he used to do. When he wanted grass he plucked grass up from the ground, instead of going on his knees as he used to do. When the flies bit him he broke off the branch of a tree and used it as fly-whisk; and he made himself a new, cool, slushy-squishy mud-cap whenever the sun was hot. When he felt lonely walking through Africa he sang to himself down his trunk, and the noise was louder than several brass bands.

He went especially out of his way to find a broad Hippopotamus (she was no relation of his), and he spanked her very hard, to make sure that the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake had spoken the truth about his new trunk. The rest of the time he picked up the melon rinds that he had dropped on his way to the Limpopo—for he was a Tidy Pachyderm.

One dark evening he came back to all his dear families, and he coiled up his trunk and said, 'How do you do?' They were very glad to see him, and immediately said, 'Come here and be spanked for your 'satiabile curiosity.'

'Pooh,' said the Elephant's Child. 'I don't think you peoples know anything about spanking; but I do, and I'll show you.' Then he uncurled his trunk and knocked two of his dear brothers head over heels.

'O Bananas!' said they, 'where did you learn that trick, and what have you done to your nose?'

'I got a new one from the Crocodile on the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River,' said the Elephant's Child. 'I asked him what he had for dinner, and he gave me this to keep.'

'It looks very ugly,' said his hairy uncle, the Baboon.

'It does,' said the Elephant's Child. 'But it's very useful,' and he picked up his hairy uncle, the Baboon, by one hairy leg, and hove him into a hornet's nest.

Then that bad Elephant's Child spanked all his dear families for a long time, till they were very warm and greatly astonished. He pulled out his tall Ostrich aunt's tail-feathers; and he caught his tall uncle, the Giraffe, by the hind-leg, and dragged him through a thorn-bush; and he shouted at his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and blew bubbles into her ear when she was sleeping in the water after meals; but he never let any one touch Kolokolo Bird.

At last things grew so exciting that his dear families went off one by one in a hurry to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to borrow new noses from the Crocodile. When they came back nobody spanked anybody any more; and ever since that day, O Best Beloved, all the Elephants you will ever see, besides all those that you won't, have trunks precisely like the trunk of the 'satiabile Elephant's Child.

I Keep six honest serving-men:

(They taught me all I knew)

Their names are What and Where and When

And How and Why and Who.

I send them over land and sea,

I send them east and west;

But after they have worked for me,

I give them all a rest.

I let them rest from nine till five.

For I am busy then,

As well as breakfast, lunch, and tea,

For they are hungry men:

But different folk have different views:

I know a person small—

She keeps ten million serving-men,  
Who get no rest at all!  
She sends 'em abroad on her own affairs,  
From the second she opens her eyes—  
One million Hows, two million Wheres,  
And seven million Whys!

#### THE SING-SONG OF OLD MAN KANGAROO

NOT always was the Kangaroo as now we do behold him, but a Different Animal with four short legs. He was grey and he was woolly, and his pride was inordinate: he danced on an outcrop in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Little God Nqa.

He went to Nqa at six before breakfast, saying, 'Make me different from all other animals by five this afternoon.'

Up jumped Nqa from his seat on the sandflat and shouted, 'Go away!'

He was grey and he was woolly, and his pride was inordinate: he danced on a rock-ledge in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Middle God Nquing.

He went to Nquing at eight after breakfast, saying, 'Make me different from all other animals; make me, also, wonderfully popular by five this afternoon.'

Up jumped Nquing from his burrow in the spinifex and shouted, 'Go away!'

He was grey and he was woolly, and his pride was inordinate: he danced on a sandbank in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Big God Nqong.

He went to Nqong at ten before dinner-time, saying, 'Make me different from all other animals; make me popular and wonderfully run after by five this afternoon.'

Up jumped Nqong from his bath in the salt-pan and shouted, 'Yes, I will!'

Nqong called Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo—always hungry, dusty in the sunshine, and showed him Kangaroo. Nqong said, 'Dingo! Wake up, Dingo! Do you see that gentleman dancing on an ashpit? He wants to be popular and very truly run after. Dingo, make him SO!'

Up jumped Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo—and said, 'What, that cat-rabbit?'

Off ran Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo—always hungry, grinning like a coal-scuttle,—ran after Kangaroo.

Off went the proud Kangaroo on his four little legs like a bunny.

This, O Beloved of mine, ends the first part of the tale!

He ran through the desert; he ran through the mountains; he ran through the salt-pans; he ran through the reed-beds; he ran through the blue gums; he ran through the spinifex; he ran till his front legs ached. He had to!

Still ran Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo—always hungry, grinning like a rat-trap, never getting nearer, never getting farther,—ran after Kangaroo.

He had to!

Still ran Kangaroo—Old Man Kangaroo. He ran through the ti-trees; he ran through the mulga; he ran through the long grass; he ran through the short grass; he ran through the Tropics of Capricorn and Cancer; he ran till his hind legs ached.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo—hungrier and hungrier, grinning like a horse-collar, never getting nearer, never getting farther; and they came to the Wollgong River.

Now, there wasn't any bridge, and there wasn't any ferry-boat, and Kangaroo didn't know how to get over; so he stood on his legs and hopped.

He had to!

He hopped through the Flinders; he hopped through the Cinders; he hopped through the deserts in the middle of Australia. He hopped like a Kangaroo.

First he hopped one yard; then he hopped three yards; then he hopped five yards; his legs growing stronger; his legs growing longer. He hadn't any time for rest or refreshment, and he wanted them very much.

Still ran Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo—very much bewildered, very much hungry, and wondering what in the world or out of it made Old Man Kangaroo hop.

For he hopped like a cricket; like a pea in a saucepan; or a new rubber ball on a nursery floor.

He had to!

He tucked up his front legs; he hopped on his hind legs; he stuck out his tail for a balance-weight behind him; and he hopped through the Darling Downs.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo—Tired-Dog Dingo—hungrier and hungrier, very much bewildered, and wondering when in the world or out of it would Old Man Kangaroo stop.

Then came Nqong from his bath in the salt-pans, and said, 'It's five o'clock.'

Down sat Dingo—Poor Dog Dingo—always hungry, dusky in the sunshine; hung out his tongue and howled.

Down sat Kangaroo—Old Man Kangaroo—stuck out his tail like a milking-stool behind him, and said, 'Thank goodness that's finished!'

Then said Nqong, who is always a gentleman, 'Why aren't you grateful to Yellow-Dog Dingo? Why don't you thank him for all he has done for you?'

Then said Kangaroo—Tired Old Kangaroo—He's chased me out of the homes of my childhood; he's chased me out of my regular meal-times; he's altered my shape so I'll never get it back; and he's played Old Scratch with my legs.'

Then said Nqong, 'Perhaps I'm mistaken, but didn't you ask me to make you different from all other animals, as well as to make you very truly sought after? And now it is five o'clock.'

'Yes,' said Kangaroo. 'I wish that I hadn't. I thought you would do it by charms and incantations, but this is a practical joke.'

'Joke!' said Nqong from his bath in the blue gums. 'Say that again and I'll whistle up Dingo and run your hind legs off.'

'No,' said the Kangaroo. 'I must apologise. Legs are legs, and you needn't alter 'em so far as I am concerned. I only meant to explain to Your Lordliness that I've had nothing to eat since morning, and I'm very empty indeed.'

'Yes,' said Dingo—Yellow-Dog Dingo,—'I am just in the same situation. I've made him different from all other animals; but what may I have for my tea?'

Then said Nqong from his bath in the salt-pan, 'Come and ask me about it tomorrow, because I'm going to wash.'

So they were left in the middle of Australia, Old Man Kangaroo and Yellow-Dog Dingo, and each said, 'That's your fault.'

THIS is the mouth-filling song

Of the race that was run by a Boomer,

Run in a single burst—only event of its kind—

Started by big God Nqong from Warrigaborrigarooma,

Old Man Kangaroo first: Yellow-Dog Dingo behind.



Kangaroo bounded away,  
His back-legs working like pistons—  
Bounded from morning till dark,  
Twenty-five feet to a bound.  
Yellow-Dog Dingo lay  
Like a yellow cloud in the distance—  
Much too busy to bark.  
My! but they covered the ground!

Nobody knows where they went,  
Or followed the track that they flew in,  
For that Continent  
Hadn't been given a name.  
They ran thirty degrees,  
From Torres Straits to the Leeuwin  
(Look at the Atlas, please),  
And they ran back as they came.

S'posing you could trot  
From Adelaide to the Pacific,  
For an afternoon's run  
Half what these gentlemen did  
You would feel rather hot,  
But your legs would develop terrific—  
Yes, my importunate son,  
You'd be a Marvellous Kid!

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# FILM

**Irving Reis public domain double-feature -- a romantic comedy and a western.**

/Irving Reis, born May 7, 1906, in New York City – died July 3, 1953, in Woodland Hills, California, was a radio program producer and director, and a film director. Reis was the creator of the experimental anthology radio program, Columbia Workshop, whose initial broadcast took place on July 18, 1936. Among his motion picture credits are *The Bachelor* and *the Bobbysoxer*, three episodes of the *Falcon* b-movie series, *The Big Street*, and the screen adaptation of Arthur Miller's play, *All My Sons*. (Bio elements from Wikipedia)/

<https://archive.org/details/ThreeHusbands>

**Three Husbands** (1951)

by Irving Reis

Starring: Emlyn Williams, Ruth Warrick, and Eve Arden

A Gloria Production, via United Artists

/Unofficial sequel to 1949's *A Letter to Three Wives*, which was about a woman who sends said note to three women telling them that she's running away with one of their husbands. /

'After suffering a fatal heart attack, confirmed bachelor Williams (as Maxwell "Max" Bard) gives heavenly greeters his last wish - he would like to observe events on Earth for the next twenty-four hours. And, with good reason. Mr. Williams has left not only a will, but also letters to "Three Husbands" admitting affairs with each of their three wives.'

<https://archive.org/details/NewMexico>

**New Mexico** (1951)

by Irving Reis

Starring: Lew Ayres, Marilyn Maxwell, Ted de Corsia, and Robert Hutton

'Captain Hunt (Ayres) of the cavalry is trying to promote good relations with the Indian chief Acoma (de Corsia). But Hunt's superiors in the military insist on pursuing policies that will provoke a conflict, and Chief Acoma is not willing to let himself be insulted.' Review written by Snow Leopard, IMDB. /Great character actor Hans Conreid plays Abe Lincoln in opening sequence. Beware: this flick "features" annoying professional hayseed Andy Devine in the supporting cast. I guess they couldn't afford Gabby Hayes./

<https://archive.org/details/OrsonWellesOnTheColumbiaWorkshop>

/Reis directing a 2-part adaptation of *Hamlet*, and two other episodes, all featuring Orson Welles. Reis also directed an hour-long *Macbeth* for the Workshop, also starring Welles. It's in the page for Columbia Workshop./

Also recommended and available in Archive's Old Time Radio section in Audio:

*Favorite Story*. 1947. KFI, Los Angeles. "Meridian 7-1212". A drama about the telephone company time service and the electric chair. Irene Tedrow, Irving Reis (writer), Janet Waldo (died 6/15/16), Ruth Perrott, Tom Holland, True Boardman (narrator). 29:10. /Very suspenseful tale about operator whose brother is set to die in a few minutes -- plays out in real-time with flashbacks.

Screen Directors' Playhouse. December 2, 1949. "All My Sons". A man's family turns against him when it's discovered he was responsible for shipping airplane parts that were faulty, and then let his partner take the blame. Edward G. Robinson, Irene Tedrow, Irving Reis (screen director). 1/2 hour. /Effective distillation, but the Lux version is better.

(Details are from RadioGoldIndex; /short reviews are mine)

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Reis may have also directed this:

[https://archive.org/details/otr\\_freecompany](https://archive.org/details/otr_freecompany)

**His Honor the Mayor**, by Orson Welles. Short-lived, unsponsored early 40's show featuring other Mercury players, Ray Collins, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane, Paul Stewart, and Erskine Sanford. This episode, about freedom of speech, was derided by a far-right division of the American Legion as being communist propaganda. 29:38.

<http://www.digitaldeliftp.com/DigitalDeliToo/dd2jb-Free-Company.html>